

THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

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\$1.50 PER YEAR.

SUCCUMBS TO ATTACK OF GAS

Harry Sponholtz, Brother of Mrs. John Sibley, Died in Tulo Hospital Aug. 18

DIED ON 27th BIRTHDAY

The first time that an actual sacrifice of the present war has entered into our village was on Friday of last week when Mrs. John Sibley received a telegram announcing the death of her youngest brother, Harry Sponholtz, who gave up his life while in the service of his country. The telegram was followed by a letter from his captain which arrived the following day and contained the particulars surrounding his death.

The young man whose home was at Genoa Junction, had for some time prior to his enlistment been employed at the plant of the Fairbanks-Morse company at Beloit, where he held a responsible position, which he gave up in June of 1917, and in answer to his country's call joined the forces of the enlisted, entering the 307th Signal Corps. Immediately after his enlistment he was sent to Atlanta, Ga., where he remained several months. In February he was made corporal and in the spring of the present year he was sent overseas. After his arrival in France letters came from him at intervals, but of course no hint was given as to his location or his work; but the letter from his captain contained the information that his death was caused by gas, which he received in action on the 17th day of August, it also stated that he was taken to a hospital at Tulo, France, immediately following the attack, and at the time was not considered dangerous, but that he grew worse during the next few hours and that his death occurred the following day August 18, which was his twenty-seventh birthday anniversary and which lacked three days of being one month after the death of father.

The news of his death was thirty-three days in reaching relatives here, and on the Sunday following the receipt of the telegram memorial services were held in his home church at Genoa, at two o'clock in the afternoon. The two churches united in this service which was held in the M. E. church and was conducted by Rev. Richards of that church together with Rev. Phillips of the Congregational church. Almost the entire village and many from a distance gathered to pay respect to the memory of their associate and friend who had gladly gone forth to help in making the world safe for democracy and unflinchingly made the supreme sacrifice. His picture draped in crepe and surrounded by flowers occupied the center of the pulpit and as a fitting tribute the entire Red Cross organization attended in a body and each laid a garland of flowers by its side.

The departed was a young man highly esteemed by all who knew him, and one who made friends where ever he might be. He was a member of Beloit District of the Court of Honor on whose flag his blue star has turned to gold. The aged mother and other relatives have the sincere sympathy of the community in their sorrow.

Sustains Injuries From Automobile

While returning home from this village last Saturday afternoon, Mrs. Asa Little of Grass Lake was run into by an auto with the result that her rig was completely smashed to kindling wood, while she received a severely blackened eye, a cut across the face and several other bruises. She had reached the Grass Lake road and was about midway between the Middendorff and Dibble places when she noticed another rig coming toward her. But being on the left side of the road she paid no attention until a machine coming up behind tried to pass between the two, and evidently failed to calculate the distance correctly with the result that they crashed into her rig. At first it was feared that she was badly injured but the physician who was called assured them that she was in no way seriously hurt.

Optimistic Thought.
Most powerful is he who has himself in power.

Lake County Loan Quota \$3,063,300; Antioch Township \$84,700

"Walk up like a man." This is the watchword adopted Tuesday by the Liberty Loan chairman of Lake county townships at their conference with Chairman H. C. Burnett and Publicity Director W. T. Hardie.

The slogan means that every patriotic citizen, man or woman, is expected to walk to the nearest Liberty Loan headquarters and subscribe all his pocketbook will stand without being asked.

The official quota as assigned to the various towns of Lake county follows: Antioch.....\$ 84,700

Avon..... 83,900
Benton..... 80,700
Cuba..... 89,450
East Deerfield..... 594,650
Ela..... 53,750
Fremont..... 36,950
Grant..... 33,950
Lake Villa..... 49,950
Libertyville..... 207,050
Newport..... 47,100
Shields..... 784,350
Vernon..... 48,950
Warren..... 53,850
West Deerfield..... 41,250
Wauconda..... 52,500
Waukegan..... 763,150

Total Lake County.....\$3,063,300
Lake county patriots have been placed upon their honor to subscribe their quota, and Antioch must not fall short on its share.

The drive opens on Saturday of this week. Be a volunteer. Go to either bank and make your pledge in the opening days of the campaign. Don't wait to be solicited. Answer to the call of the honor system.

Unearth Indian Relics On Herman Property

When C. B. Willey chose the location for his new summer home at Grass Lake little did he think he was selecting almost the same site as that chosen many years ago by Indians as their burial place. When the basement for the home was dug no indications of any such fact was brought to light but when workmen began grading and preparing the ground for the erection of a garage to the southwest of the residence they began to uncover bones, etc., that led to such a conclusion. Besides the bones of what had once been members of the Indian tribe, arrow heads, beads and various other Indian relics have been unearthed.

It will be recalled that an Indian burial ground was discovered several years ago on Grass Lake not far from the Herman property and also that the skeletons of Indian bodies were unearthed near Channel lake a couple of years ago when grading was done for the new road. Thus the discovery of the third burial place furnishes further proof that this section of Lake county was once the home of Indians presumably in great numbers.

Did the Waukegan Bunch Get Flour in Antioch?

Somebody fell for a good joke and we are going to tell on them. A few Waukegan men evidently became tired of eating the flour substitutes and were casting about for some way to get a batch of wheat flour without the regular substitute order. Then along came the joker he told them that away out in Antioch was a mill that would grind them straight wheat flour, and all they had to do was to take a load out there. So the bunch got out a couple of autos went into the country and bought up some wheat, then burned up the gas to bring it out to the Antioch Mill Co. The proprietor of the mill met them very pleasantly, heard their story and then calmly said "Nothing doing." We work under government orders and grind only for those who raise the wheat. The disappointed bunch who had already unloaded their wheat, proceeded to load it up once more and returned from whence they came. Ask Charley Thayer, janitor at the court house if he has any wheat for sale and if he can name several others who also have a few bushel to market.

Cheese Easily Digested.

Contrary to opinion held by many people, cheddar or "store" cheese is not unusually indigestible or constipating. Extensive digestion experiments conducted by the department of agriculture have demonstrated that more than 95 per cent of the protein in cheese is digested and that 90 per cent of its energy is available. One person who ate cheese as the chief source of protein and energy, eating an average of 0.27 ounces daily for more than two years, did a fair amount of muscular work and remained in good health.

EPIDEMIC AT TRAINING STATION

Eight Thousand Cases of Spanish Influenza At The Great Lakes

CALL LOCAL UNDERTAKERS

Last Sunday afternoon J. C. James and Lee Strang, local undertakers received a call from White and Tobin, Waukegan undertakers, who have a contract for handling all deaths at the Great Lakes Naval Training station, to come in and assist in taking charge of the bodies of those who succumbed to attacks of Spanish Influenza. It was however impossible for either of the local undertakers to respond to the call. Mr. James being prevented by ill health and Mr. Strang by previous business arrangements.

So severe is the epidemic at the station that besides the station embalmers there have been eleven others called in from neighboring cities to give assistance.

It is stated that the number of deaths from Saturday to Sunday evening was forty-five and another statement added that there were thirty-five deaths Sunday night, and the number since Monday is said to be at about the same ratio.

It was stated that Sunday evening there were 36 caskets ready for shipment to the homes of the boys who had passed away. The plan followed was to back two express cars into the station Monday morning in order to start the sailors on their last lap, a tragic one, yet one which brings glory to their names just as much as if they died fighting.

On Monday H. E. Odell commander of the medical corps announced that since the epidemic started nearly two weeks ago the total number of deaths up to that time had reached about 200. He also stated that there had been 8000 cases of which 1600 were serious and were taken to the base hospital, on that day there were 1400 in the hospital, all serious cases.

Captain Moffet states that the disease is now under control but that the 46,000 men at the station are still held without liberty.

The epidemic is not confined to the Training Station alone, but has broken out in fully one hundred homes of the sailors in Waukegan, and the authorities at the Great Lakes on Tuesday sent three trained nurses from Chicago to devote their time in going from home to home to see that the families have the best possible attention.

Monday afternoon Dr. Bellows, health commissioner for the city of Waukegan, issued a proclamation closing all theaters and dance halls. This action was taken on account of the fact that three deaths had already occurred among the civilian population, two at Waukegan and one at North Chicago. The North Chicago schools have also been closed.

LIBERTY LOAN OPENS ON SATURDAY

Volunteer Plan of Subscriptions for Fourth Liberty Loan Adopted

AN APPEAL TO CITIZENS

The Lake County Liberty Loan Committee has adopted the volunteer plan of subscription for the Fourth Liberty Loan Campaign which will open on September 28th.

Organization has been perfected throughout the County for raising each township's quota during the first week of the fourthcoming drive and it is the earnest desire of the Committee that Lake County will go "Over the Top" on October 6th.

The basic idea underlying the volunteer plan is that the time and effort of patriotic citizen should not have to be employed to solicit bond subscriptions from another equally patriotic citizen. In other words, every patriotic citizen is expected to do his duty voluntarily, and to buy his full share of bonds without waiting for a salesman to call upon him.

"Every one is as well able to buy bonds the first day of the drive as he is the last day, and there is no reason why he should wait three weeks to make his decision," said Herman Gifford, director of sales for Illinois. "A man is only given one day to vote and only one day was required to register 13,000,000 men for the draft. Why should a man take more time to make up his mind to lend his dollars to his country than to pledge his very life to his country's service?"

The value of a short volunteer campaign is apparent especially to the business interests of the community, and it is believed every one will appreciate this point of view, as well as the fact that a short campaign will release a vast number of workers who otherwise would have to devote their time through a long drawn out campaign. Individual bond buyers will be impressed with the idea that in registering voluntarily they will be registering their appreciation of democracy.

As an incentive for subscribing voluntarily, each bond buyer will be given a volunteer tag as a badge of honor to distinguish them from the buyers who have to be solicited. In townships where a central subscribing or polling place has not been selected, subscriptions should be placed with your township community or your local bank.

Don't forget the day, and put Lake County "Over the Top" on Saturday, Oct. 5th. We know of no better tribute to our State on the One Hundredth Anniversary of its admission to the Union.

Lake County Liberty Loan Committee. H. C. Burnett, Chairman. Elam L. Clarke, Mrs. James E. Broad, W. T. Hardie, Clarence W. Diver, P. L. Saenger.

Fred Brown Loses His Life at the Trevor Gravel Pit

A very sad accident occurred at the gravel pit just south of the depot Saturday afternoon when Fred Brown and Glenn Merrill were procuring a load of gravel. The bank caved in completely covering Fred, he was taken out in a few minutes, Dr. Fletcher was called and on examining him found that his back and one leg were broken. He was removed to his home and lived about two hours, being conscience to the last. A strange coincidence is that the fatal accident occurred on his 25th birthday anniversary.

His parents who had gone to Burlington that afternoon were notified and returned home a few minutes after he died. His sister Helen was visiting relatives in Winnetka.

He leaves to mourn, a wife and baby boy, his parents and sister Helen also a number of relatives and friends.

The funeral was held from the family residence Tuesday afternoon, the house and grounds were crowded with friends. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Reetz of Salem M. E. church with interment in Liberty cemetery. Neighbors and friends extend sympathy.

Among those who attended the services from a distance were Mrs. Harry Brown, Sioux City, Iowa; Mrs. Ragan, Winnetka; and Mrs. Orson Watson, Edgewater.—Trevor Correspondent.

Eugene Ramaker in a German Prison Camp

In the early part of the summer Garrett Ramaker of Waukegan received word that his only son Eugene, who was in service in France, was reported among the missing, and from that time on heard nothing further until the first of the week, when he received an official communication from the war department of the Red Cross stating that his son has been a prisoner in a German prison camp at Rastatt, Baden, Germany, since July 3.

It has also been learned from a letter from one of his comrades to a young woman in Sheboygan that he was made a prisoner as a result of volunteering for a hazardous task. He was one of four men in his company to step out from the ranks when the call for volunteers came on the morning of July 3, the informant wrote.

Ramaker is only 20 years old and before going to France saw service in Mexico during the uprising there.

The father feels quite confident that his son will be able to withstand the strain of prison life and that he will eventually return home.

The Ramakers are well known in the vicinity of Grass Lake and Antioch and have several relatives here who are much interested in the young man and earnestly hope that he may soon regain his liberty.

Harvest Festival at St. Ignatius Church Sunday

Next Sunday St. Ignatius' Episcopal church will hold their annual Harvest Festival and it is hoped that this year's celebration will be bigger and grander than the one last year. There will be the usual out-door procession which is customary in England. The procession will form at the Simon House at 10:30 a. m., and will march to the church. The formation of the procession is as follows: Crucifer, flag, Christ's Little Ones, Easter Class, St. Luke's Class, Trinity Class, St. Peter's Class, Guild of the Holy Cross, boys of Allendale farm, Allendale boy choir, St. Ignatius' vested choir and clergy. The choir from Allendale will combine with the Church choir and render the music. The special prayer will be the Rev. Malcom J. Van Zandt who is one of the priests at St. Peter's church, Chicago, the largest Episcopal church in the west. His sermon will be on War Prophecies and will be of interest to all in this community. At this service an offering will be presented of fruit and vegetables this to be sent to the Sisters of St. Mary in Chicago. This order in the Episcopal church maintains a girls orphanage in the city and these gifts will be greatly appreciated by the Sisters. All are most welcome to this service and notice that the hour of service has been changed for this week, the service starting at 10:30 a. m.

Never Too Old to Learn.

It has often been said that a man cannot learn a new trade after he is forty, but this statement has frequently been disproved. Peter S. Du Pont was eighty when he wrote his valuable treatise on the Cochiti Chinese language, and had only then recently taken up the study; and the late John Bigelow was still an author turning out a book when he passed his ninety-fifth birthday.

NEWS ITEMS OF INTEREST

Our Exchanges Have Many Items of Different Events Concerning News.

NEWS OF VARIOUS KINDS

During the past ten months the Kenosha County Patriots' fund has given \$116,000 for Red Cross work.

James Cummings of Delavan, recently sold nine choice two-year-old Holstein heifers for \$900 which goes to show it pays to raise good stock.

The Inderrieden Canning company is preparing 10,000 cases or 240,000 cans of peas at its Hampshire plant for shipment to France, where they will go to our soldiers.

Andrew Morrissey, who has conducted a blacksmith shop in Delavan since 1892, or for a period of twenty-six years, has sold his interest in the shop to Fred Murphy of Silverlake.

The Genoa Junction Red Cross quota for August was 100 pairs of socks. The quota was filled and 40 extra pairs of socks were handed in making a total of 140 pairs of socks knitted during August.

The village board of Union Grove has officially adopted a "war angelus." At noon each day the bell in the village are rung and each person is expected to stop a moment and offer a prayer for the preservation of our nation and victories for our armies.

During the month of August two grain offices in the state of Illinois—Chicago and East St. Louis—handled a total of 64,983 cars of wheat or 12,238,593 bushels. This is the largest quantity of wheat handled in a month in Illinois since the departments were created years ago.

Fred Thomas, of Mukwonago, was one of those to divide the base ball world's championship series money. He was a member of the Boston Red Sox, winners of the championship, and received a furlough from the navy, in which he recently enlisted, to take part in the series.

Mrs. E. Cheeseman, residing in the town of Mt. Pleasant, Wis., has donated 150 homing pigeons to the government and they are to be trained in flying for use in the war service at Great Lakes. Recently H. W. Langrill of Camp Farragut, Great Lakes, went to Racine and formally accepted the gift bringing the pigeons back with him.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Richardson of Richmond, received this week several souvenirs from the French battlefields which were sent by their son Richard, who is now on the battlefield, and among them is a shell about three inches in diameter and fourteen inches long which has been carved and decorated, making a beautiful vase.

Record Field of Cabbage

Wm. Summers of the town of Rochester has been busy the past week hauling cabbage to Burlington from where they are shipped to the sauerkraut—excuse us, Liberty cabbage—factory at Franksville.

Mr. Summers this year has one of the finest fields of cabbage ever raised in Racine county. He has some seventeen acres, planted on low ground, and never have weather conditions been as favorable for his choice of soil. He estimates that the cabbage will yield twenty tons to the acre as heads weighing ten and twelve pounds are very common.

He has had numerous buyers after his crop and all voiced the opinion that it was the best field they have seen. He sold his crop for \$20 a ton.

The Good Done Unto Us.

We speak much of the duty of doing good to others, but too often we forget to count the good that others are continually doing to us. Intentionally or unintentionally, in kindness, in selfishness, in carelessness, they press upon us on every hand, and our lives are shaped and molded by those about us. Even the unreasonable and unbecoming—where we fancy the benefit is all of our bestowing—may be wonderful teachers of sanity and patience.

Last and Final Notice to Subscribers

This is the last week for our subscribers, who are in arrears, to call and pay up, otherwise their name must be taken from our list.

We must make a report to the government October first, and as we are required to make a sworn-to statement that our list is meeting with the government requirements, it will be necessary for us on that day to cut off all who are three months in arrears.

If you don't want to miss the news of the neighborhood or an installment of the story, either bring your subscription price to this office or send it in before October 1st.

"OUTWITTING THE HUN"

By LIEUTENANT PAT O'BRIEN

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CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

From the kitchen you could walk directly into the cow-barn, where two cows were kept, and this, as I have pointed out before, is the usual construction of the poorer Belgian houses.

I could not make out why the caller seemed to be so antagonistic to me, and yet I am sure he was arguing with the family against me. Perhaps the fact that I wasn't wearing wooden shoes—I doubt whether I could have obtained a pair big enough for me—had convinced him that I was not really a Belgian, because there was nothing about me otherwise which could have given him that idea.

At that time, and I suppose it is true today, about 94 per cent of the people in Belgium were wearing wooden shoes. Among the peasants I don't believe I ever saw any other kind of footwear and they are more common there than they are in Holland. The Dutch wear them more on account of a lack of leather. I was told that during the coming year practically all the peasants and poorer people in Germany, too, will adopt wooden shoes for farm work, as that is one direction in which wood can be substituted for leather without much loss.

When the young man left, I left shortly afterwards, as I was not at all comfortable about what his intentions were regarding me. For all I knew he might have gone to notify the German authorities that there was a strange man in the vicinity—more perhaps to protect his friends from suspicion of having aided me than to injure me.

At any rate, I was not going to take any chances and I got out of that neighborhood as rapidly as I could.

That night found me right on the frontier of Holland.

CHAPTER XVII.

Getting Through the Lines.

Waiting until it was quite dark, I made my way carefully through a field and eventually came to the much dreaded barrier.

It was all that I had heard about it. Every foot of the border line between Belgium and Holland is protected in precisely the same manner. It is there to serve three purposes: first, to prevent the Belgians from escaping into Holland; second to keep enemies, like myself, from making their way to freedom; and third, to prevent desertions on the part of Germans themselves. One look was enough to convince any one that it probably accomplished all three objects about as well as any contrivance could, and one look was all I got of it that night, for while I lay on my stomach gazing at the forbidding structure I heard the measured stride of a German sentry advancing towards me and I crawled away as fast as I possibly could, determined to spend the night somewhere in the fields and make another and more careful survey the following night.

The view I had obtained, however, was sufficient to convince me that the pole-vault idea was out of the question, even if I had a pole and was a proficient pole-vaulter. The three fences covered a span of at least twelve feet and to clear the last barbed wire fence it would be necessary to vault not only at least ten feet high, but at least fourteen feet wide, with the certain knowledge that to touch the electrically charged fence meant instant death. There would be no second chance if you came a cropper the first time.

The still idea was also impracticable because of the lack of suitable timber and tools with which to construct the stilts.

It seemed to me that the best thing to do was travel up and down the line a bit in the hope that some spot might be discovered where conditions were more favorable, although I don't know just what I expected along those lines.

It was mighty disheartening to realize that only a few feet away lay certain liberty and that the only things preventing me from reaching it were three confounded fences. I thought of my machine and wished that some kind fairy would set it in front of me for just one minute.

I spent the night in a clump of bushes and kept in hiding most of the next day, only going abroad for an hour or two in the middle of the day to intercept some Belgian peasant and beg for food. The Belgians in this section were naturally very much afraid of the Germans and I fared badly. In nearly every house German soldiers were quartered and it was out of the question for me to apply for food in that direction. The proximity of the border made everyone eye each other with more or less suspicion and I soon came to the conclusion that the safest thing I could do was to live on raw vegetables which I could steal from the fields at night as I had previously done.

That night I made another survey of the barrier in that vicinity, but it looked just as hopeless as it had the night before and I concluded that I only wasted my time there.

I spent the night wandering north, guided by the North Star which had served me so faithfully in all my traveling. Every mile or two I would make my way carefully to the barrier to see if conditions were any better, but it seemed to be the same all along. I felt like a wild animal in a cage, with about as much chance of getting out.

The section of the country in which I was now wandering was very heavily wooded and there was really no very great difficulty in keeping myself concealed, which I did all day long, striving all the time to think of some way in which I could circumvent that cursed barrier.

The idea of a huge stepladder occurred to me, but I searched hour after hour in vain for lumber or fallen trees out of which I could construct one. If I could only obtain something which would enable me to reach a point about nine feet in the air it would be a comparatively simple matter to jump from that point over the electric fence.

Then I thought that perhaps I could construct a simple ladder and lean it against one of the posts upon which the electric wires were strung, climb to the top and then leap over, getting over the barbed wire fences in the same way.

This seemed to be the most likely plan and all night long I sat constructing a ladder for this purpose.

I was fortunate enough to find a number of fallen pine trees from ten to twenty feet long. I selected two of them which seemed sufficiently strong and broke off all the branches, which I used as rungs, tying them to the poles with grass and strips from my handkerchief and shirt as best I could.

It was not a very workmanlike looking ladder when I finally got through with it. I leaned it against a tree to test it and it wobbled considerably. It was more like a rope ladder than a wooden one, but I strengthened it here and there and decided that it would probably serve the purpose.

I kept the ladder in the woods all day and could hardly wait until dark to make the supreme test. If it proved successful my troubles were over; within a few hours I would be in a neutral country out of all danger. If I failed—I dismissed the idea summarily. There was no use worrying about failure; the thing to do was to succeed.

The few hours that were to pass before night came on seemed endless, but I utilized them to re-enforce my ladder, tying the rungs more securely with long grass which I picked in the woods.

At last night came, and with my ladder in hand I made for the barrier. In front of it there was a cleared space of about one hundred yards, which had been prepared to make the work of the guards easier in watching it.

I waited in the neighborhood until I heard the sentry pass the spot where I was in hiding, and then I hurried across the clearing, shoved my ladder under the barbed wire and endeavored to follow it. My clothing caught in the wire, but I wrenched myself clear and crawled to the electric barrier.

My plan was to place the ladder against one of the posts, climb up to the top and then jump. There would be a fall of nine or ten feet, and I might possibly sprain an ankle or break my leg, but if that was all that stood between me and freedom I wasn't going to stop to consider it.

I put my ear to the ground to listen for the coming of the sentry. There was not a sound. Eagerly but carefully I placed the ladder against the post and started up. Only a few feet separated me from liberty, and my heart beat fast.

Just as I took the next rung, the ladder slipped, came in contact with the live wire, and the current passed through the wet sticks and into my body. There was a blue flash, my hold on the ladder relaxed and I fell heavily to the ground unconscious.

Of course, I had not received the full force of the current or I would not now be here. I must have remained unconscious for a few moments, but I came to just in time to hear the German guard coming, and the thought came to me if I didn't get that ladder concealed at once he would see it even though, fortunately for me, it was an unusually dark night.

I pulled the ladder out of his path and lay down flat on the ground not seven feet away from his feet. He passed so close that I could have pushed the ladder out and tripped him up.

It occurred to me that I could have climbed back under the barbed wire fence and waited for the sentry to return and then felled him with a blow on the head, as he had no idea, of course, that there was anyone in the vicinity. I wouldn't have hesitated to take life, because my only thought was to get into Holland, but I thought

that as long as he didn't bother me, perhaps the safest thing to do was not to bother him, but to continue my efforts during his periodic absence.

His beat at this point was apparently fairly long and allowed me more time to work than I had hoped for.

My mishap with the ladder had convinced me that my escape in that way was not feasible. The shock that I had received had unnerved me and I was afraid to risk it again, particularly as I realized that I had fared more fortunately than I could hope to again if I met with a similar mishap. There was no way of making that ladder hold and I gave up the idea of using it.

I was now right in front of this electric barrier and as I studied it I saw another way of getting by. If I couldn't get over it, what was the matter with getting under it?

The bottom wire was only two inches from the ground and, of course, I couldn't touch it, but my plan was to dig underneath it and then crawl through the hole in the ground.

I had only my hands to dig with, but I went at it with a will and fortunately the ground was not very hard.

When I had dug about six inches, making a distance in all of eight inches from the lowest electric wire, I came to an underground wire.

I knew enough about electricity to realize that this wire could not be charged, as it was in contact with the ground, but still there was not room between the live wire and this underground wire for me to crawl through, and I either had to go back or dig deep enough under this wire to crawl under it or else pull it up.

This underground wire was about as big around as a lead pencil and there was no chance of breaking it. The jack-knife I had had at the start of my travels I had long since lost and even if I had had something to hammer with, the noise would have made the method impracticable.

I went on digging. When the total distance between the live wire and the bottom of the hole I had dug was thirty inches, I took hold of the ground wire and pulled on it with all my strength.

It wouldn't budge. It was stretched taut across the narrow ditch I had dug—about fourteen inches wide—and all the tugging didn't serve to loosen it.

I was just about to give up in despair when a staple gave way in the nearest post. That enabled me to pull the wire through the ground a little and I renewed my efforts. After a moment or two of pulling as I had never pulled in my life before, a staple on the next post gave way, and my work became easier. I had more leeway now and pulled and pulled again until in all eight staples had given way.

Every time a staple gave way, it sounded in my ears like the report of a gun, although I suppose it didn't really make very much noise. Nevertheless, each time I would put my ear to the ground to listen for the guard. If I heard him I would stop working and lie perfectly still in the dark till he had gone by.

By pulling on the wire, I was now able to drag it through the ground enough to place it back from the fence and go on digging.

The deeper I went the harder became the work, because by this time my finger nails were broken and I was nervous—afraid every moment that I would touch the charged wire.

I kept at it, however, with my mind constantly on the hole I was digging and the liberty which was almost within my reach.

Finally I figured that I had enough space to crawl through and still leave a couple of inches between my back and the live wire.

Before I went under that wire I noticed that the lace which the Belgian woman had given me as a souvenir made my pocket bulge, and lest it might be the innocent means of electrocuting me by touching the live wire, I took it out, rolled it up and threw it over the barrier first.

Then I lay down on my stomach and crawled or rather writhed under the wire like a snake, with my feet first, and there wasn't any question of my hugging mother earth as closely as possible because I realized that even to touch the wire above me with my back meant instant death.

Anxious as I was to get on the other side, I didn't hurry this operation. I feared that there might be some little detail that I had overlooked and I exercised the greatest possible care in going under, taking nothing for granted.

When I finally got through and straightened up, there were still several feet of Belgium between me and liberty, represented by the six feet which separated the electric barrier from the last barbed wire fence, but before I went another step I went down on my knees and thanked God for my long series of escapes and especially for this last achievement, which seemed to me to be about all that was necessary to bring me freedom.

Then I crawled under the barbed

wire fence and breathed the free air of Holland. I had no clear idea just where I was and I didn't care much, I was out of the power of the Germans and that was enough. I had walked perhaps a hundred yards, when I remembered the lace I had thrown over the barrier, and dangerous as I realized the undertaking to be, I determined to walk back and get it. This necessitated my going back onto Belgian soil again, but it seemed a shame to leave the lace there, and by exercising a little care I figured I could get it easily enough.

When I came to the spot at which I had made my way under the barbed wire, I put my ear to the ground and listened for the sentry. I heard him coming and lay prone on the ground till he had passed. The fact that he might observe the hole in the ground or the ladder occurred to me as I lay there, and it seemed like an age before he finally marched out of our shot. Then I went under the barbed wire again, retrieved the lace and once again made my way to Dutch territory.

It does not take long to describe the events just referred to, but the incidents themselves consumed several hours in all. To dig the hole must have taken me more than two hours and I had to stop frequently to hide while the sentry passed. Many times, indeed, I thought I heard him coming and stopped my work and then discovered that it was only my imagination. I certainly suffered enough that night to last me a lifetime. With a German guard on one side, death from electrocution on the other, and starvation staring me in the face, my plight was anything but a comfortable one.

It was on the 19th of November, 1917, when I got through the wire. I



Heard the German Guard Coming.

had made my leap from the train on September 9th. Altogether, therefore, just seventy-two days had elapsed since I escaped from the Huns. If I live to be as old as Methuselah, I never expect to live through another seventy-two days so crammed full of incident and hazard and lucky escape.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Experiences in Holland.

But I was not quite out of the woods.

I now knew that I was in Holland, but just where I had no idea. I walked for about thirty minutes and came to a path leading to the right, and I had proceeded along it but a few hundred yards when I saw in front of me a fence exactly like the one I had crossed.

"This is funny," I said to myself. "I didn't know the Dutch had a fence, too." I advanced to the fence and examined it closely, and judge of my astonishment when I saw beyond it a nine-foot fence—apparently holding five wires exactly like the one which had nearly been the death of me!

I had very little time to conjecture what it all meant, for just then I heard a guard coming. He was walking so fast that I was sure it was a Dutch sentry, as the Huns walk much slower.

I was so bewildered, however, that I decided to take no chances, and as the road was fairly good I wandered down it and away from that mysterious fence. About half a mile down I

could see the light of a sentry station and I thought I would go there and tell my story to the sentries, realizing that as I was unarmed it was perfectly safe for me to announce myself to the Dutch authorities. I could be interned only if I entered Holland under arms.

As I approached the sentry box I noticed three men in gray uniforms, the regulation Dutch color. I was on the verge of shouting to them when the thought struck me that there was just a chance I might be mistaken, as the German uniforms were the same color, and I had suffered too many privations and too many narrow escapes to lose all at this time by jumping at conclusions.

I had just turned off the road to go back into some bushes when out of the darkness I heard that dread German command:

"Halt! Halt!"

He didn't need to holler twice. I heard and heeded the first time. Then I heard another man come running up, and there was considerable talking, but whether they were Germans or Hollanders I was still uncertain. He evidently thought someone was on the other side of the fence.

Finally I heard one of them laugh and saw him walk back to the sentry station where the guard was billeted, and I crawled a little nearer to try to make out just what it meant. I had begun to think it was all a night-mare.

Between myself and the light in the sentry station, I then noticed the stooping figure of a man bending over as if to conceal himself and on his head was the spiked helmet of a German soldier!

I knew then what another narrow escape I had had, for I am quite sure he would have shot me without ceremony if I had foolishly made myself known. I would have been buried at once and no one would have been any wiser, even though, technically speaking, I was on neutral territory and immune from capture or attack.

This new shock only served to bewilder me more. I was completely lost. There seemed to be frontier behind me and frontier in front of me. Evidently, however, what had happened was that I had lost my sense of direction and had wandered in the arc of a circle, returning to the same place that I had been so long in getting through. This solution of the mystery came to me suddenly and I at once searched the landscape for something in the way of a landmark to guide me. For once my faithful friend, the North Star, had failed me. The sky was pitch black and there wasn't a star in the heavens.

In the distance, at about what appeared to be about three miles away, but which turned out to be six, I could discern the lights of a village, and I knew it must be a Dutch village, as lights are not allowed in Belgium in that indiscriminate way.

My course was now clear. I would make a beeline for that village. Before I had gone very far I found myself in a marsh or swamp and I turned back a little, hoping to find a better path. Finding none, I retraced my steps and kept straight ahead, determined to reach that village at all costs and to swerve neither to the right or left until I got there.

One moment I would be in water up to my knees and the next I would sink in mud clear up to my waist. I paid no attention to my condition. It was merely a repetition of what I had gone through many times before, but this time I had a definite goal and once I reached it I knew my troubles would be over.

It took me perhaps three hours to reach firm ground. The path I struck led to within half a mile of the village. I shall never forget that path; it was almost as welcome to my feet as the opposite bank of the Meuse had seemed.

The first habitation I came to was a little workshop with a bright light shining outside. It must have been after midnight, but the people inside were apparently just quitting work. There were three men and two boys engaged in making wooden shoes.

It wasn't necessary for me to explain to them that I was a refugee, even if I had been able to speak their language. I was caked with mud up to my shoulders and I suppose my face must have recorded some of the experiences I had gone through that memorable night.

"I want the British consul!" I told them.

Apparently they didn't understand, but one of them volunteered to conduct me to the village. They seemed to be only too anxious to do all they could for me; evidently they realized I was a British soldier.

It was very late when my companion finally escorted me into the village, but he aroused some people he knew from their beds and they dressed and came down to feed me.

The family consisted of an old lady and her husband and a son, who was a soldier in the Dutch army. The cold shivers ran down my back while he sat beside me, because every now and again I caught a glimpse of his gray

uniform and it resembled very much that of the German soldiers.

Some of the neighbors, aroused by the commotion, got up to see what it was all about, and came in and watched while I ate the meal those good Dutch people prepared for me. Ordinarily I suppose I would have been embarrassed with so many people staring at me while I ate, as though I were some strange animal that has just been captured, but just then I was too famished to notice or care very much what other people did.

There will always be a warm place in my heart for the Dutch people. I had heard lots of persons say that they were not inclined to help refugees, but my experience did not bear these reports out. They certainly did more for me than I ever expected.

I had a little German money left, but as the value of German money is only about half in Holland, I didn't have enough to pay the fare to Rotterdam, which was my next objective. It was due to the generosity of these people that I was able to reach the British consul as quickly as I did. Some day I hope to return to Holland and repay every single soul who played the part of the good Samaritan to me.

With the money that these people gave me I was able to get a third-class ticket to Rotterdam, and I was glad that I didn't have to travel first-class, for I would have looked as much out of place in a first-class carriage as a Hun would appear in heaven.

That night I slept in the house of my Dutch friends, where they fixed me up most comfortably. In the morning they gave me breakfast and then escorted me to the station.

While I was waiting at the station a crowd gathered round me and soon it seemed as if the whole town had turned out to get a look at me. It was very embarrassing, particularly as I could give them no information regarding the cause of my condition, although, of course, they all knew that I was a refugee from Belgium.

As the train pulled out of the station, the crowd gave a loud cheer and the tears almost came to my eyes as I contrasted in my mind the conduct of this crowd and the one that had gathered at the station in Ghent when I had departed a prisoner en route for the reprisal camp. I breathed a sigh of relief as I thought of that reprisal camp and how fortunate I had really been, despite all my sufferings, to have escaped it. Now, at any rate, I was a free man and I would soon be sending home the joyful news that I had made good my escape!

At Eindhoven two Dutch officers got into the compartment with me. They looked at me with very much disfavor, not knowing, of course, that I was a British officer. My clothes were still pretty much in the condition they were when I crossed the border, although I had been able to scrape off some of the mud I had collected the night before. I had not shaved nor trimmed my beard for many days, and I must have presented a sorry appearance. I could hardly blame them for edging away from me.

The trip from Eindhoven to Rotterdam passed without special incident. At various stations passengers would get in the compartment and, observing my unusual appearance, would endeavor to start a conversation with me. None of them spoke English, however, and they had to use their own imagination as to my identity.

When I arrived at Rotterdam I asked a policeman who stood in front of the station where I could find the British consul, but I could not make him understand. I next applied to a taxicab driver.

"English consul—British consul—American consul—French consul!" I said, hoping that if he didn't understand one he might recognize another.

He eyed me with suspicion and motioned me to get in and drove off. I had no idea where he was taking me, but after a quarter of an hour's ride he brought up in front of the British consul. Never before was I so glad to see the Union Jack!

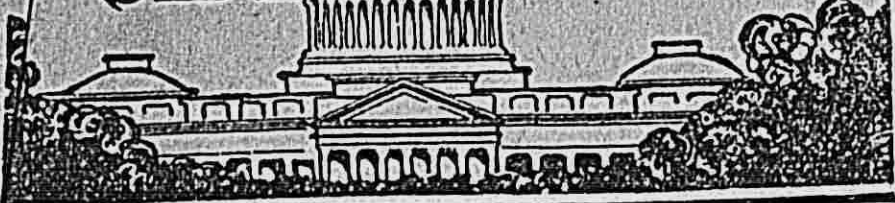
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

When a Prisoner Is Exchanged.

Ivan Rossiter, captured by the Germans and later exchanged, says in the Farm and Fireside: "Then I lay down, not to sleep but to think. I thought of the day when I enlisted in Canada, of leaving home, the training camps, the trip overseas to England, the training in England, going across the channel to Flanders, the terrible fighting at Ypres, of the many friends who fell on that bloody battlefield, how I was wounded and captured, the inhuman treatment I received at the hands of the German surgeons, who had four husky Germans hold me down while they cut five bones out of my wrist and amputated my middle finger at the second joint when I was wounded in the palm of the hand, the kicks and the cuffs from prison guards and the terrible stuff the Germans called food in the prison camps."

Enough matches to light all its contents are attached to a recently invented cigarette box.

SHINGTON CITY SIDELIGHTS



a Call From That Dreaded Visitor, "the Wolf"

SHINGTON.—A man rang the bell of a house in the first ward and asked the woman who answered it if she was Mrs. Blank. The woman smiled and said that she was Mrs. Blank's sister, and invited him in. The man preferred to stand at the door, and the woman could not see him. He was a portly man with a large nose and a small mouth, and he was dressed in a dark suit. He looked at the woman and she looked at him. He was a man who was used to being the center of attention, and he was not used to being the center of attention in a house. He was a man who was used to being the center of attention in a house, and he was not used to being the center of attention in a house.



"Come, children, mamma has company—finish your game with me." The mamma woman, still chuckling, pattered her hair and straightened herself into social form. "I have a bill here, madam—" "Another?" "It is for the rent. We let it run over this month, as usual, but the new owner is a woman who depends on the income for her own expenses, and she wants her house or her money by ten o'clock in the morning." "Oh, but I can't move. I really cannot. For one thing, I haven't the money. Besides this is the dearest old house—there's such a lovely yard for the children to play in—the sun gets in there even on rainy days—and, besides, I always pay, sooner or later." "Sorry, madam, but business is business." She saw by his face that he meant it. And then she saw that it was a peculiar face; that he had a long white side tooth that lifted his lip when he spoke, and that he had gray hair to match the gray of his suit.

Probably Her First Experience With Business

A REAL estate agent was showing a house—six rooms and bath; so much down and the balance in monthly installments forever after—to a customer who was looking over the premises with his wife. The deal was satisfactory from every angle until it came to the point where the husband, in a gust of loving thought, happened to mention to the agent that he would make the house over to his wife. But the wife objected.

"Why, Bert, I'm surprised at you—to saddle me with a responsibility like that! I'm furnished for a home of our own, but if I've got to be tied down to—" "Say, old girl, climb down to common sense. It is only that I want it in your name in case anything should happen to me." "No, sir; I may be foolish when it comes to business, but I know too much for that. You've got to do all the signing and everything." The men grinned at each other and the husband man patted the shoulders of his business-lacking old girl, who was rather a callow young one.

"And There Followed a Mist and a Weeping Rain"

THE brief chronicle of a case of pride before a fall, etc. She had done a lot of canning, as per instructions from the department of agriculture and the food administration, and she was mighty proud of her work. There was jam, and jelly, and marmalade, and about everything else in the canned line one could desire. All the canning was not fruit by any means, however. Cans of beans, corn, etc., vied with the fruit display.

But the woman was particularly proud of her canned cherries. She lost no opportunity to call attention to them, and even her best friends had to admit that she was perhaps a bit too eager to talk canned cherries. Then one day she took a prize can of cherries to a meeting where there was a demonstrator of the department of agriculture, a canning expert. The woman was pointing out the merits of her champion jar of cherries when along came the expert.

"May I see your cherries?" asked the expert, in her sweetest tones. With the intuition of her sex, the cherry canner sensed that the expert wanted to find fault. But she felt perfectly safe. This was her prize jar. She proudly passed over the prize cherries.

"They are beautiful cherries," said the expert, turning the jar this way and that.

The woman beamed. "But," continued the expert, sweetly, "what about this worm?" What, indeed!

Little Jap Suddenly Separated From "de Gang"

CHANCED to witness a case of strained international relations the other evening. It happened on a busy street in the residence section, on one of these new business streets that have grown up by necessity to supply the daily needs of those whose homes lie all around it.

A Japanese shop was closed up tight. A band of boys dressed in khaki suits came along just then. They were small boys, not a one over ten years old, seemingly. Prominent in the "gang" was a little Japanese, his straight black hair and gleaming dark eyes strangely different from the blond heads of most of his companions.

Just as the boys went by the Japanese store the door of that establishment, seemingly shut forever, suddenly shot open, and a Japanese woman appeared.

"Come in here," said the woman, in English, and then began in Japanese. She grabbed her son by the arm and yanked him through the door, talking excitedly the while.

The door shut with a bang. Outside, the boys stood looking at the tea in the window, and at the great vase, and other articles. Then the leader spoke. In tones of woe and utter disgust he said to the others, and in his tones I sensed an accusation: "There, now, we've lost him."

VERY LIKE MOST MOTHERS

Mrs. Ripple at First Could See Very Little in Girl Her Son Had Chosen for Wife.

Years ago, when the Billows were trying to keep Dora from marrying Nathaniel Ripple, Mrs. Ripple was trying to keep Nathaniel from marrying Dora. The Billows didn't think much of the Ripple family, Claude Callan writes in Kansas City Star. In fact, they told Dora that if she took Nathaniel she would be marrying beneath herself.

Mrs. Ripple didn't know that the Billows considered themselves better than the Ripples, so she was not angry at the family. And she liked Dora. "I think Dora is a good, sweet girl," she said to her son, "but anybody can look at her and tell she isn't able to do a day's work."

"You can do as you please, but if I were you I never would marry a delicate girl like Dora. I know how much work a woman has to do in a home and I know that Dora Billow can't do it. If you were able to hire help it would be all right. Your poor old mother never has had any help, but I would be glad for my sons' wives to keep help if my sons could afford it."

"Now, as I said, I haven't a word to say against Dora, but if I were you and wanted to marry I would find a girl strong enough to make a good wife. It is nice to be pretty. Your papa will tell you that I was pretty when I married him, but beauty counts for very little if a woman is too weak to do her work."

"Just look at your Cousin Henry's wife. She is sick half the time, and that poor boy has to spend every dollar he makes. If Nora had been a big, strong woman, who could have helped him, he would be well fixed today."

After listening to this talk Nathaniel married Dora and in about a month his mother visited them. When she returned home she said to Mr. Ripples: "I think Nathaniel married mighty well. That little girl had all the clothes on the line when I got there, and they were as pretty and white as you ever saw. I said from the very beginning that Dora would make Nathaniel a good wife."

The German Way.

I remember one day having passed through a small farming village very badly burned and shattered, not by shells, but by explosions from inside the houses. I was just about to ask my officer why this village had been so punished, when, as we came outside, my attention was attracted to a conspicuous little flat-topped hill, with its level summit quite clear of the low woods that covered the hill's sides. The top had been cleared and smoothed so that it could be planted in grain, and it stood out a vivid and beautiful green, in contrast with the dark tree-covered slopes. I spoke of the hill and its conspicuous top to my officer.

"Yes," he replied angrily, "the last French spy to be landed from an airplane was put down right here on that flat top. We could not catch him. We think he hid in this village." My unuttered question about the village was already answered.—Vernon Kellogg in Atlantic.

One Woman's Work.

Great was the excitement in a certain small town. The local ladies decided to hold an exhibition of woman's work with a view to providing a treat for wounded soldiers. While the committee was busily engaged in arranging the exhibits to the best advantage in the city hall there came a timid knock at the door.

When the door was opened a strange-looking object entered. It was a man; his face a mass of scratches, his hair stood out around his head like tufts of grass, his collar was dangling loosely behind, and his clothes were little better than rags.

"Please, I've come," he said simply. "But—but," stammered the lady secretary, "this is not a museum; it's a display of specimens of woman's work."

"That's all right," he replied dejectedly; "I'm a specimen of woman's work."—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

Mistaken Identity.

Prof. William Howard Taft was in New York recently, and in the course of his short stay took an automobile ride along Riverside drive. At Ninth street a young woman, five years old, saw the big touring car coming swiftly down the drive. After one long look at the big person in the rear seat she jerked the nurse's apron and screamed with delight.

"Allice! Allice!" asked the nurse, excitedly, "what is it?"

"Fatty Arbuckle's grown a mustache just like papa's!"—Argonaut.

Spirit of France.

As in the early days of 1914, French troop trains are decked with poppies and roses, with every flower of field and garden. And just as in those days, when the war was young, the poppies, blithely, lustily singing and with roses stuck in his cap and blouse, Germany told the world that France was "bled white." Germany lied, and knew that she lied. The soul of France, reflected in the eyes and voices of her fighting men, is both unvanquished and unvanquishable.—Stars and Stripes, Paris.

Her Sacrifice.

"Miss Flann is always talking about the duty of those at home to make sacrifices for the country. Is she making any herself?" "Oh, yes. She gave away her pet canary to conserve the sugar supply."

IN CRIP OF WINTER

Black Sea Shore About the Last Word in Desolation.

There the Great River Danube and Its Surroundings Present as Dreary a Scene Today as When Ovid Wrote His "Sorrowa."

If you think the warm airs of an eastern Riviera caress the shore of the Black sea, where the blue Danube creeps out through as many channels as the reedy Nile's, you need to remake your picture. In case your imagination needs a little aiding, take down your dusty copy of Ovid's "Sorrowa"—his "Tristia"—and read once more what he wrote back to unforgiving Rome about his first winter of banishment on that coast. It was nineteen centuries ago. But you might suppose he was telling of this very winter's work, at Nantucket, say, or Montreal. Touch by touch his clever lines draw the picture as plainly as if he were a correspondent for a modern syndicate. You feel yourself shivering with him on the whitened plain, beneath the flaring stars that circle but never set.

There at Toml does the north wind blow, and do they feel that bitter wind from the north-by-east? It blows, and the fields turn to stone; it tears roofs away, and brings the look-out towers down flat. Any snow? Storm treads on storm till here and there the heaped-up and compacted snows lie two winters deep. Of course the brooks are stilled now; the water in the lakes is brittle, it can be dug and shattered. Of a native, what with his pelts and his stitched-up breeches, all you can see is his face; his beard is white with the cold he sucks through it. No one drinks wine; it is passed in lumps; if a wine jar is broken, the wine within it stands alone.

Does the great Danube freeze? Its blue currents have hardened into marble. It holds the ships locked fast; not an oar can cleave the waters. Where the pilot steered now men go afoot. No wild Sarmatian lacks a bridge for his greasewood ox-cart. But surely the Black sea itself keeps open? Well, says Ovid, if I had anything to gain by saying what isn't so, you might not believe me; but as sure as I am a wretched exile, I have walked that sea-dry-shod. Boreas was howling, but he could not raise a wave. Not a bumping dolphin could come through to stretch himself. Oh, Leander, if once upon a time a like sea had been yours, the scandal of your drowning could not have been laid upon the strait you had to swim!

And then, with grimmer strokes, Ovid draws the worst part of his picture. For into this winter-bound coast, over the ringing highways of the ice, come savage foes, sweeping down on swift horses; they have poison on their arrow tips, they bring torches to lash their captives; they fire with torches what they cannot carry off.

But if Ovid were alive again in this year of grace, and once more writing from Toml, or as they call it now, Kustendji, he would not find the sting of the north wind from the steppes less biting than 19 centuries ago, nor the cruelty of man to man less appalling.—Boston Herald.

New Disease.

Members of army medical boards have some curious experiences. I gather, in the course of their work, but it might be supposed that they would have fewer opportunities for making discoveries than their colleagues behind the fighting line, and in the base hospitals. But evidently there are exceptions. "A man presented himself for examination the other day," one medical friend tells me, "and I put the usual question: 'Well, what's the matter with you?' 'Timorbilli.' 'What?' He repeated it. 'I don't know what that is,' I said. So he produced a paper from his own doctor, and on it was written: 'This man is suffering from Timor Belli.' It sounds better, certainly, than 'cold feet,' and is quite as full of meaning!—Westminster (England) Gazette.

Earned His Meal.

Governor Stephens was commenting on the misuse of the uniform by persons who have no right to use it. "They ought to be in jail," he declared, "but once in a while you can't help but forgive the culprit. I have in mind the case of a tramp in uniform who asked a housewife for a meal."

"So you were in the battle of the Marne?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied the tramp.

"What can you tell about that great fight?"

"Not a word, ma'am. I'm on my honor not to reveal a thing I saw or did. That's a very strict military rule."

Patriotism.

Who can measure the compelling force of patriotism? At Sunday night's Battery concert, largely attended by Minutemen to whom north of Fourteenth street is a foreign land, the leader asked that after the singing of the national anthem the audience offer one minute's silent prayer for the boys over there. One whose head did not bow promptly, seemingly held alert by the shock of some amazing surprise, soon acknowledged the force of patriotic emotion by saying, as he bowed his head: "I prayed last Easter, but if it is for the boys—here goes."—New York Sun.

The Thrifty Farmer.
Hired Man—Say, Mr. Skinner, I like to have a hull holiday all at once so's I kin go fishin'.
Farmer—H'm. With your pay a-goin' on, I s'pose?
Hired man (timidly)—I s'pose so.
Farmer—Well, I reckon I'll have to take a chance. But remember right now that I own whatever fish you ketch!

He Knew Differently.
"A man cannot serve two masters."
"The dickens he can't!" interrupted Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge, Ark., who is blessed with a helpmate and 14 children. "I'm serving fifteen of 'em, and doing a mighty fair job of it."—People's Home Journal.

Chinese cotton planters in the vicinity of Shanghai are experimenting with seed obtained from Georgia.

"If a colored man with a wooden leg should ask you for a seventy-five cent pink, purple or polka dotted but you would sell it to him if you had it, wouldn't you?" Interrupted old Festus Pester.
"Yes, sir, but—" "Then please treat me as kindly as you would a colored man with a wooden leg."—Kansas City Star.

Explained.
"My dear," said Mrs. Asckett. "Why do you suppose the doctors charge so much for operating for appendicitis?" "Oh, any butcher will tell you that tenderloins are very expensive."

What is Castoria

CASTORIA is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Morphine and other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of J. C. F. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-Good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment. Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of J. C. F. Fletcher.



Fall Run of Distemper

MAY BE WHOLLY AVOIDED BY USING "SPOHN'S" A small outlay of money brings a very great result. It is a sure cure and a preventive if you use it as per directions. Simple, safe and sure. The large size is twice the quantity and an ounce more than the small size. Get your horses in best condition for late fall and winter. All druggists, harness dealers or manufacturers. Spohn Medical Co. Goshen, Ind. U. S. A.

Meant "Two Down," of Course. An English newspaper man, reporting that famous baseball game before royally, wrote that in the sixth inning the score against the army was "two-love."—Boston Transcript.

A New Way to Shave Tender skin twice a day without irritation by using Cuticura Soap the "Cuticura Way." No slimy mug, germs, waste of time or money. For free samples address, "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." At druggists and by mail. Box 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

Perfectly Safe. "Little girl, aren't you afraid of the gothas?" "Oh, no! I sleep with my mother." American salt works in recent years have supplied all the salt used in this country.

Another Feminine Industry. "Girls wanted for men's neckwear," reads the advertisement of a department store. But we imagine that a man would be uncomfortable wearing a girl around his neck.—New Orleans States.

Jerusalem has an English newspaper. The man who would eat cake at Christmas must cut on sugar now.

ASTHMA

INSTANTLY RELIEVED WITH ASTHMADOR OR MONEY REFUNDED ASK ANY DRUGGIST

W. N. U., CHICAGO, NO. 39-1918.

Don't Get Hung Up With an Acid Stomach

It's Just Acidity That Makes Millions Sick and Suffer

It's true. There are millions of people all over the land who are weak, nervous, all tired and dragged out, who are trying to build up their jaded nerves and weakened bodies with drugs and stimulants; and many of them, also EAT and EAT—but fail to get anywhere near the full amount of EATONIC and nourishment out of their food. Why? Simply because of too much acid in the stomach—superacidity. Get rid of the excess acid. Your stomach is all right—just give it a chance to work easily and naturally. Then see how good you will feel—your pep comes back, and your blood warms up!

A new method—truly a wonderful discovery called EATONIC FOR YOUR STOMACH'S SAKE

Is positively guaranteed to clear the excess acid out of your stomach and bowels. It is made in the form of pleasant-tasting tablets—handy to carry around with you. Get a big box of EATONIC at any drug store and see how quickly it banishes the immediate effects of acid-stomach. Away with heartburn, belching, food renares, indigestion, etc., and then see how your general health improves.

So again we tell you—hustle upon it! If you are ailing get a big box EATONIC from your druggist today. The cost is a trifle—only 50c. You have faith in your druggist. We authorize him to absolutely guarantee EATONIC to you, and you can trust your own druggist to make this guarantee good. If EATONIC fails in any way, take it back—he will refund your money. If your druggist does not keep EATONIC, drop us a postal card and we will send it to you at once; you can send us the 50c after you get it. Address: H. L. Kramer, Pres., Eatonic Remedy Company, 1015 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Scenes of Prosperity

Are Common in Western Canada

The thousands of U. S. farmers who have accepted Canada's generous offer to settle on homesteads or buy farm land in her provinces have been well repaid by bountiful crops of wheat and other grains.

Where you can buy good farm land at \$15 to \$30 per acre—get \$2 a bushel for wheat and raise 20 to 45 bushels to the acre you are bound to make money—that's what you can do in Western Canada.

In the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta you can get a HOMESTEAD OF 160 ACRES FREE

and other land at very low prices. During many years Canadian wheat fields have averaged 20 bushels to the acre—many yields as high as 45 bushels to the acre. Wonderful crops also of Oats, Barley, and Flax.

Mixed Farming is as profitable an industry as grain raising. Good schools, churches, markets convenient, climate excellent. Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Supt. of Immigration, Ottawa, Can., or to C. J. BROUGHTON, Room 412, 112 W. Adams Street, Chicago, Illinois.

W. V. McILHINEY, 175 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Michigan Canadian Government Agents

160 ACRES OF FARM LAND IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

INVENTED TO TYPE

Ferret's Night Off an Orgy of Slaughter.

Little Killer Left Thick Trail of Dead Which He Had Destroyed for the Pure Joy of Slaughtering, and Went Home.

His mother was a ferret, lean, yellow and pink eyed and a she devil to boot, says a writer in London Answers.

His father was worse, a wild polecat of the mountains, and a worse devil than ever.

But he, the cherub, was so soft and furry and fat and creamy, and, though he had got pink eyes, there seemed to be nothing else of his mother and father about him. He never bit, he never spat, and he never used bad language, and he lived upon bread and milk, like a gentleman.

So he was till the spring broke.

It was their own fault, the ferreters. They took him out rabbiting, as usual. They put a collar with a bell on round his neck, as usual, and a long, long string on the collar, as usual, and they turned him into a rabbit warren, as usual. And he sneezed three times, as usual, and he walked docilely down the first rabbit hole he came to, as usual, to turn out the rabbits from their burrows, as usual, that the sportsmen outside might shoot them as they bolted.

So far, until he got into the middle of the mazes of tunnels, the inky darknesses, and the stuffy heat, full of the smell of castor oil—don't know why, by the way—and he could hear the drumming of rabbits' feet fleeing before his ghostly, terrible self, everything happened as usual. Then nothing did.

He was pulled up with a jerk that nearly choked him. He tried going forward, but it was all no good. He had only a yard of play either way. His line was entangled in a root.

The hours passed, and the ferreters, after trying every device known to men to get him out, gave it up and

went home. The cherub did not give it up. He worried slowly, and he chafed, he pulled, and tugged, he backed, and he sweated, and he sneezed, and finally his collar came undone or broke.

The cherub sneezed three times, and walked three yards. Then he realized he was free. It was the first time in all his life he had been free, and it acted upon him. In that second his mother, plus his father, got to work in his own body, and he began.

It was really very clean killing. Fifteen rabbits done to death, each with a single, clean fang stroke behind the ears—was not so bad for one small ferret. But he improved, for he slew 20 in the next hour—leaving every carcass untouched where it lay—and, getting thirsty, came above ground for water. The water he did not find, but discovered fowls in a fowhouse instead, and, as I said, being thirsty, drank blood. There were no live fowls in that hen roost when he left.

He visited the hutches of the Belgian hares, which he slew, and the pigeon cote, where he got more blood.

After that he returned a mile across country, killing three partridges on the way; drank at the dog's trough—bitting the dog badly in the process—walked into his own hutch and was found curled up, calmly asleep, among the hay next morning.

Rabbit Meat for Wartime Food.

Wartime conservation of beef and pork has enabled a Kansan to develop a rather extraordinary business in the marketing of wild rabbits, both jacks and cottontails. A rabbit-packing plant has been established and is now shipping frozen bunnies by the tens of thousands.

A recent contract called for 480,000 pounds of jackrabbit meat. The jacks average four pounds each when dressed. This means that approximately 120,000 rabbits were required to fill the order.

The fur is disposed of at a handsome profit. It is used in the manufacture of high-grade felt, such as enters into the making of men's hats.

All waste products are converted into fertilizer. The industry also aids the country of a crop-destroying pest.

—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Teaching the Boys to Sing.

A distinguished young musician recently joined the English army for the purpose of teaching the boys to sing. Attached to the royal air force, he has been commissioned to train the men at the various centers in choral singing, thus dispensing with the necessity for bands. The effect upon the spirits, the morale and the discipline of the men has been excellent. They have developed a keen interest in singing, and many of them have been found, to their own surprise, to possess excellent voices. In view of the success of the movement, it will probably be extended to other branches of the army, especially where the formation of a band is out of the question.

Improves Revolver.

By providing the ordinary revolver with a circular cartridge frame or clip, Joseph H. Wesson of Springfield, Mass., has given the older weapon all the convenient features of the newer automatic weapon; that is, the rapidity of fire and quick reload. His clip, holding five or six cartridges in position, serves to push them into place in the revolver barrel at one operation, instead of individual loading, as is usually the case.

Great Mystery Solved.

Doctor Hirschberg says one of the most common causes of stammering is the temporary interruption of speech. You know it is one of the compensations of human existence to have the mystery of a lifetime solved in a jiffy. We ascertained some time back that hunger is frequently caused by a prolonged interruption of the movement of vitals to the stomach.—Houston Post.

Useless Contention.

Sooner or later one is measured with the rule that is straight and true. There is one thing that we all find hard to learn, but once learned life is very much simpler and easier to live—contention does not help matters of any kind. Constant aggressiveness, frequent complaining, daily defending of one's position wears away patience and places one in an atmosphere of antagonism which invariably reacts.

Defying the Coal Man.

Pneumatic regulation of the temperature of residences is provided by a new thermostat that switches electricity to a motor to open or close drafts in the heating apparatus.

Unnecessary Risk.

"Brother Phillander," said I to our head deacon the other day, "don't you believe a man can get to heaven without even dropping a cent into the contribution box?" "I suppose so," answered old Phillander, "and when you are sick with typhoid fever or any other disease you can doctor yourself. You are taking the chances."—Osborne Farmer.

Novel House-Boat.

A desirable residence, which commands an excellent sea-view, is a fishing boat which has been converted into a dwelling house, and is now the home of a family living somewhere on the north coast of England. The situation of the dwelling suggests good facilities for indulgence in sea-bathing during the summer months.

Bully for Bill.

There was a city lady visiting some relatives in the country and as she was walking down the lane she saw some calves. Thinking to display her knowledge, she remarked: "Oh what pretty little cowlets." Bill, the farm boy, came up about that time, heard her remarks, and said: "Excuse me, miss, but them's bullets."—Boys' Life.

Quality That Counts.

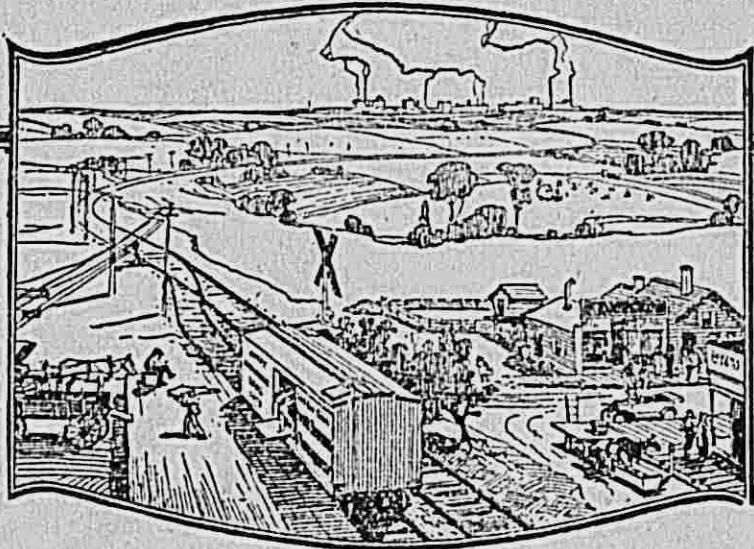
It is no great matter to associate with the good and gentle; this is naturally pleasing to all. Every one willing enjoyeth persons of such quality. But to be able to live with the hard and perverse persons, with the disorderly, or with such as are contrary to us, is a great and most commendable and manly thing.—Thomas a Kempis.

Had Elephants Break Str.

It is a tradition among negro men—and one that may be found in fact—that in the old days when the Brooklyn bridge, in the hours before daybreak, the negroes were instructed to prevent the animals from keeping step lest the perposition of strong vibrations injure the structure.

Told in a Few Words.

A Brunswick soldier, who was known prisoner by Americans in the war, said: "Ah! America is a free country; it is worth people living for; I know the difference by living on my own; in my country, if you say, 'Eat straw,' we eat straw."—Thomas Paine.



You Can't Eat Meat 100 Miles Away

Preparing meat is only a part of Swift & Company's usefulness.

The finest meat in the world wouldn't do *you* any good one hundred miles away from your table.

Swift & Company efficiency has made it possible to place complete lines of products in the smallest and most remote communities.

To be sure the work is done well Swift & Company, through its branch houses and car routes, brings the meat to the retail dealer for you.

Swift & Company lays out car routes covering towns—big, little, medium size—which are not served by a Swift branch house.

Salesmen find out in advance what is wanted by the dealers in every town.

They are followed by refrigerator cars loaded with retailers' orders, which are delivered at each town—fresh, clean, and sweet—once or twice each week.

Swift & Company operates a large number of car routes like this, from fourteen distributing plants.

This is a necessary and natural part of the packers' usefulness. It fits into the industry in an orderly, effective way. It makes *better meat cheaper* from one end of the land to the other.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.



ALEX HEIN Co.

Lake County's Greatest Store for Women and Children

206-208-210-212 Genesee Street, Waukegan

Thursday September 26th

and Continuing Friday and Saturday

ANNOUNCING---

Waukegan's Greatest Fashion Event---
Our Annual Grand---

Fall Opening & Sale

To say that this fall we will surpass all previous seasons in the size of stocks offered as well as in the beauty of displays is indeed a broad statement, but true. This store known all over the state for its Low Prices and extensive assortments, now comes forward with a really sensational event. Our Grand Fall Opening Sale—be sure to attend.

The New Suits
in the Fall Opening Sale
19.75-27.50-\$35-39.50

The New Coats
Plushes From 18:50 upward
13.75--18.50--24.75--29.50
\$35-37.50-49.50

\$22.50 Mercerized Jersey Dresses at 12.75

Other New Dresses
in Silks, Jerseys and Serges
10.75---18.50---24.75---29.50

---and then comes the millinery, skirts, waists, corsets, children's apparel of all kinds as well as underwear, hose and dress accessories.

Thursday, Friday and Saturday



Local and Personal Happenings

Your dollars help beat the Kaiser. Johannott spent Saturday in Chicago.

Member the Fourth Liberty Loan opens Saturday.

Kinds of gloves and mittens for men, at Webb's.

See and see Douglas Fairbanks at the Majestic Saturday evening.

Webb is attending the sessions of the Board of Supervisors in Waukegan this week.

Carl Somerville is spending today (Thursday) at the home of Rev. Carr in Chicago.

Mrs. Oliver Mathews is substituting the grade school for Miss Dowd, who is ill.

The members of the Holy Cross will give a harvest dance in the Woodman hall, Friday evening, Oct. 4. Admission 25 cents.

The next cottage social of the Ladies Guild will be held at the home of Mrs. Wm. Kelly on next Tuesday afternoon Oct. 1. N. Morley, sec.

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Somerville and Mrs. George Young spent the latter part of the past week with their sister Mrs. F. M. Johnson at Marengo.

A consignment of 13,000 sweaters knitted by patriotic women and girls all over the country was received at the Great Lakes, Monday.

Mrs. Wm. Brennan, who was recently seriously injured by a pet bear is at present getting along very nicely and, although she is still under the care of a trained nurse, she is considered out of danger.

Dr. W. W. Warriner has joined the forces of the enlisted men. A few days ago he offered his services to the government and is now ready to answer at any time that he may be called.

Second Lieutenant John Kaluf returned to Indian Head, Md., last week after having spent a short time with relatives east of town, upon his return he found his commission as First Lieutenant awaiting him.

Mrs. George Young who has been spending the past twelve weeks at the home of her brother, T. A. Somerville at this place, left for her home at Ontario, Canada on Wednesday. Mrs. Somerville accompanied her as far as Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hillebrand are spending this week at Peoria. They made the trip by auto and were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Stoll who live in that city and who have been at the Hillebrand home for the past few days.

James Salat Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Salat, who formerly resided on a farm east of town, which they later sold to Mr. Scott, recently enlisted in the aviation corps and is now in England. Their other son Joseph has enlisted in the marines and is expecting to be called at any time.

Raymond E. Durham, state fuel administrator in announcing a new draft of rules governing the delivery and consumption of coal, states that no hard coal may be delivered until after Oct. 20. Soft coal must be burned in all furnaces until Christmas, and even after October 20, hard coal may not be delivered to any consumer who has not stored soft coal sufficient to last him until the required date.

Lend over here to win over there.

I sell work shoes worth the money. Chase Webb.

Be a volunteer. Enlist in the Fourth Loan drive.

Jos. Turner of Grayslake spent Tuesday in Antioch.

All kinds of sweater coats for men and boys, at Webb's.

Mrs. V. Babor, Mrs. Frank Kardlik, Miss Babor and Mr. F. Cerny spent last Friday in Kenosha.

List your farms for sale with T. J. Stahl & Co., Waukegan, the men who show results. Phone 237-238. tf

Douglas Fairbanks the greatest star in the movies will be shown at the Majestic Saturday. Don't fail to see him.

Mrs. Clara Turner, who has been spending the past few weeks with her daughter at Norwood Park returned to her home here last Saturday.

The Mystic Workers and Modern Woodmen of Trevor will give a dance on Saturday evening, October 5, for the benefit of the Trevor Red Cross. Music by McCaffrey's orchestra. Tickets \$1.00.

There were five deaths from Spanish influenza in Waukegan Wednesday. The names of the victims are Mrs. Henry Larson, Nicolas Midas, Henry Hallowell, Kalle and Werne Mylmoa. The latter two are brothers, aged 35 and 40 years and died within ten minutes of each other from the same malady.

Mrs. Webb this week received a letter from Ray stating that while he had been confined to the hospital for a couple of weeks with what he termed a bump on the jaw, he was at the time of writing fine and dandy and ready to go back after the huns once more. From another source however she learned that he also had had a slight attack of gas. He also spoke of "Red" Fields being in the same hospital with a wound in the foot.

Mrs. Frank Dunn, who has been under treatment for insanity at Elgin, Milwaukee and Aurora, for the past two years, was brought back to her home here on Monday completely cured of all physical and mental troubles. Her husband visited her at Aurora last week and noticed in her a marked change for the better, but it was not until Sunday that she realized the change herself. All of a sudden Sunday afternoon the thought that she was well and could return home came to her with such force that she communicated her feeling to those in charge. After an examination they agreed with her and sent for Mr. Dunn to come for her. Monday afternoon she met and conversed with a number of her old friends and is now taking up her home life where she left off two years ago.

Popular Kind of Freedom. "Freedom to do what they ought not do," remarked the man on the car, "is the only kind of liberty that appeals to some fellows."—Toledo Blade.

Some Job. For the first time in 50 years an election is shortly to be held in the London Gullhall for the post of "city aleconner." The position carries a good salary but apparently no particular duties. The "aleconner" was originally an officer who inspected and tested any new brands of ale.

Sunday at the Majestic Roy Stewart in Laws Outlaw."

Buy winter underwear before it is too late. Chase Webb.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Smart returned home from their wedding trip Saturday evening.

Saturday at the Majestic Douglas Fairbanks in "Reggie Mixes In." Admission 11 and 22 cents.

We have buyers for 40 or 80 acre farms near Antioch. T. J. Stahl & Co. 226 W. Washington street, Waukegan.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Bock and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bock returned home from their auto trip to eastern points, last Friday.

There will be a meeting of the Parent-Teachers association at the grade school Friday afternoon, Sept. 27. All members are requested to attend. Laura Dupre, Secretary.

Another Shakespearean Question. The fact that Shakespeare made one of his characters in "Twelfth Night" say: "But I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that it does harm to my will," has caused the claim to be set up that Shakespeare was a fish-monger on the side.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Egyptian "Kissar." The kissar is one of the most ancient of Egyptian instruments. It is found represented in monuments antedating the birth of Christ by 2,000 years. It consists of a circular body with a large triangular frame above, from the cross-bar of which five strings pass to the bottom of the frame. It is tuned to the pentatonic scale.

America's First Library. The first library in America was opened at Harvard college 280 years ago. For more than sixty years the Harvard collection of books was the only one of importance on the continent, but in 1700 a public library was founded, and in 1731 Benjamin Franklin started a subscription library at Philadelphia, the first of its kind in America. The library of the United States, now called the library of congress, was established in 1800. The first public library recorded in history was founded at Athens in the year 510 B. C.

CLASSIFIED

DEPARTMENT

FOR SALE—My road mare, cheap. Inquire of Dr. Beebe. 51tf

FOR SALE—Large Art Garland hard coal heater. Inquire at Leslie Crandall's.

FOR SALE—Corn binders and binding twine. Inquire of C. F. Richards. 4

FOR SALE—15 young pigs at \$8.00 a piece. Address F. Dietz, Twin Oaks farm, Antioch.

FOR RENT—The old McDougall farm east of Loon Lake, 200 acres. Inquire of C. E. VanPatten, Antioch, Ill. 49tf

FOR SALE—A book case and secretary combined, rag rug, 12x12, wheel barrow, garden and barn tools, also house and lot situated in Wilmot. Inquire of Mrs. Susie B. Pacey 2w3

FOR RENT—A farm of 160 acres, five and one half miles northeast of Antioch on the State line road, known as the late T. C. Kelly place. Possession given March 1. Can do fall plowing. For particulars write to Geo. B. Kelly, 1150 Lovel Ave., Chicago. w4

PIANO TUNING

I am in Antioch and vicinity about once a month. If you want me write or phone.

EARL G. ALDEN,

121 Oakley Ave. WAUKEGAN, ILL

Phone 1154-M. Regular Tuning \$3.00

FARM LANDS FOR SALE

Missouri and Iowa land for sale. For particulars address.

C. O. GALIGER,

Clio, Iowa.

INGALLS BROS.

Waukegan OPTOMETRISTS

Graduates of McCormick

OPTICAL COLLEGE

EYES TESTED

GLASSES FITTED

ARTIFICIAL EYES

SMART AND STURDY FALL SUIT



To the woman who likes a suit that looks smart and sturdy, made without furbelows and cut on beautiful lines, this model will make a strong appeal. It is in a brown and white mixture and has no decorative features except rows of buttons that match it in color.

PANELED AND PLAITED SKIRT



Novelty plaid woolen goods make this attractive separate skirt that declares its allegiance to the straight-line silhouette. It has a panel at the front and back and plaits at each side between them. The narrow belt is ornamented with pearl buckles.

OPEN-FRONT BLOUSE OF GEORGETTE



Many of the new fall blouses keep us guessing as to how their wearers get into them, but here is one that opens at the front and fastens with buttons and buttonholes. It has a long rolling collar and a small shoulder cape and is set on a shoulder yoke.

A HAT FOR EVERY FACE



Just a glance at the new hats for fall and winter reveals that lines are given more consideration than ever and that trimmings are not allowed to blur them. Irregular brims and soft, draped crowns conspire to make becoming shapes, and there is a hat for every face.

INNER TUBES

... AT ...

Bargain Prices

We have too many left. We must close them out at the following prices:

| | | | |
|----------|---|---|--------|
| 28x3 | - | - | \$2.25 |
| 30x3 1-2 | - | - | 3.00 |
| 32x3 1-2 | - | - | 3.25 |
| 34x4 | - | - | 4.50 |

Remember they are the best tubes in the market and they won't last a week at these prices.

COME QUICK

King's Drug Store

ANTIOCH MILLING CO.

Try Our New

SANO

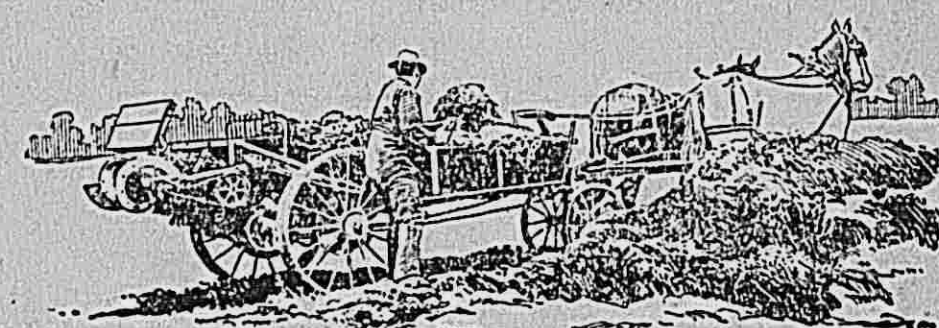
Brand Flour

Custom Grinding of All Kinds

Let us show you what we can do

Corner Main and Railroad Streets, Antioch

LOW CORN KING



Do Your Share

ASSISTANT Secretary of Agriculture Carl Vrooman says that a billion dollars worth of stable manure is wasted annually in the United States. In the face of the urgent need for bigger crops, such waste as this is a national tragedy. That manure properly used will put us beyond fear of any crop shortage except one that might be made by bad weather. And what is better, the bigger crop could be produced without the addition of another acre, another man, or another horse power, if every farmer would decide to waste no stable manure this year but buy and use a

Low Corn King Manure Spreader

Three sizes—small, medium, and large. All narrow boxes. All steel frames with working parts of the spreader securely attached to the frame. Turns short. Drive from both rear wheels. Return apron driven by worm gear which insures even spreading up hill and down. Pull comes straight on steel frame. Solid two-inch rear axle working in roller bearings carries seventy-five per cent of the load. All-steel beater cannot warp, shrink, or rot. Built up to International Harvester standards of quality in every respect. Buy a Corn King spreader and use it. The increased yield from a few acres will pay for your spreader. Come in and place your order now.

MANURE SPREADERS

Chas. F. Richards, Antioch, Agent.

T. N. DONNELLY & CO.

Loan and Diamond Broker

Diamonds, watches and all kinds of jewelry at less than cost. At half the price you pay regular stores.

24 North Dearborn St. Chicago

DR. L. H. COULSON

Veterinarian

Both Phones Grayslake, Ill.

FOR SALE

A Five Room Cottage, cement cellar and cistern, city water, sewer in, lot 66x250, fine garden.

\$1100

Other village property

J. C. JAMES

Why not insure your horses and cattle against death by disease?

A Cigar of Merit

"EL RECTOR"

CLEAR HAVANA CIGAR

Factory 2201-2203 W. 12th St., Chicago, Ill. PHIL. C. NIEMAN, Maker
Phone Canal 4478
OFFICE, 1204 S. LEAVITT ST

18,000 TURKS

Ancient City of Nazareth Is Captured by General Allenby's Army.

FOE TRAPPED BY CAVALRY

Sultan's Troops Cut Off While Trying to Escape into the Jordan Valley—Town Was Boyhood Home of Christ.

London, Sept. 24.—The capture of the ancient Palestinian city of Nazareth, the early home of Christ, was officially announced by the war office. Eighteen thousand prisoners and 120 guns were captured by Gen. Sir Edmund Allenby's army.

The Turks were cut off by British cavalry while trying to escape into the Jordan valley. British aviators, bombing and machine gunning the trapped Ottoman troops, helped materially in bringing about the signal victory, which is reported in a dispatch sent by General Allenby.

British cavalry squadrons operating in Palestine have advanced some sixty miles from their original positions, and have occupied Nazareth, Afula and Beisan, according to a British war office announcement.

General Allenby's forces are collecting the disorganized masses of Turkish troops and transports arriving from the south.

This means the virtual annihilation of the Ottoman forces in this region. The British losses were surprisingly slight, considering the importance of the advance.

Nazareth, according to biblical history, is mentioned as the village to which Joseph and Mary, the parents of Christ, returned from Egypt. There the unrecorded years of Christ's boyhood were spent.

The town is located in a hollow of the hills on the southern border of the plain of Esdraelon.

From the name of Nazareth comes "Nazarenes," the original word for Christians. It was in Nazareth, according to the Bible, that Christ preached a sermon that led to his rejection by his fellow townsmen.

St. Mary's well is the chief point of interest to tourists and is situated in the heart of the town. The belief is that it was from this well that Christ procured his drinking water.

The Crusaders established the famous bishopric of Scythopolis in Nazareth about A. D. 600. Nazareth was taken by Saladin after a spectacular battle in 1187. In 1517 it was captured by the Turks.

The Church of the Annunciation is one of the landmarks of the town.

The Turkish Nabulus army, which suffered a body blow from General Sir Edmund Allenby's British expeditionary force in Palestine, comprises the flower of the Sultan's armed forces. It is now established the whole Turkish army numbers not more than 200,000 combative troops.

With every succeeding Turkish reverse in the field the power of the Young Turks becomes more precarious and the Young Turks gained their power mainly through the promise to reconquer Egypt.

100 SAILORS DIE OF "GRIP"

4,500 Cases of "Spanish Influenza" at Great Lakes Naval Training Station, and Now Well in Hand.

Chicago, Sept. 24.—There are 4,500 cases of Spanish influenza at the Great Lakes Naval Training station, and there have been more than a hundred deaths since September 9, according to a statement issued on Sunday by Capt. William Moffett, commandant, to allay the fears of relatives of men in training and to set at rest sensational rumors of the ravages of the malady. The death rate is given at 1 1/2 per cent, based on a total of 7,000 cases that have been reported. Captain Moffett declared the situation well in hand.

F. X. SCHILLING IS SENTENCED

Former Assemblyman of Wisconsin Given 18 Months and Fine for Violating Espionage Act.

Eau Claire, Wis., Sept. 20.—Eighteen months at Leavenworth, Kan., and a fine of \$3,500 was imposed by Judge A. L. Sanborn in the United States court here on Francis Xavier Schilling of Cassel, county board chairman of Marathon county, and former state assemblyman, who was found guilty by a jury here on six counts of violating the espionage act by counseling and advising draft registrants to make false claims of exemption, and also by disloyal utterances.

"Reds" Arrest U. S. Envoy.

Amsterdam, Sept. 23.—United States Minister Vopicka and all entente ministers who were at Jassy (capital of Roumania) have been arrested by order of the Soviet. The diplomatists were seized returning through Russia.

Two Guilty of Defaming Soldiers.

Trenton, N. J., Sept. 23.—Atto Reichelt, a patent attorney, and Dr. Frederick Bischoff were convicted in the federal court here of conspiring to defame soldiers and Red Cross nurses by circulation of stories in 150 cities.

HOUSE PASSES REVENUE BILL

\$8,000,000,000 Measure Now Goes to Senate for Final Action.

IS LARGEST IN HISTORY

Designed to Raise by Taxation \$8,182,000,000 of \$24,000,000,000 or More Needed for Current Year.

Washington, Sept. 23.—By unanimous vote, the house on Friday passed the \$8,182,000,000 revenue bill, the greatest tax measure in history. The roll call showed 350 members voting for the bill and not one against it.

The unanimous approval given this bill, which constitutes one of the major features of the government's program for winning the war next year, is regarded as further evidence that the American people are united as never before in the determination to spurn all compromise with the Hun and go through to a decisive victory over Prussian militarism, no matter how great the national sacrifice.

In bringing debate on the revenue bill to an end, Representative Longworth of Ohio declared that the \$8,000,000,000 revenue bill was the best answer yet to "Austria's whining peace plea."

"This will be good news for the allies and cold comfort for the Kaiser," Mr. Longworth said. "It will show the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs that henceforth we will deal with the head instead of the tail of the German dachshund."

The tax bill will be laid before the senate formally Monday.

It was the general consensus of opinion that the final passage of the bill would not take place before November 1. Some senators regarded the dual system of war profits and excess profits taxation provided in the house bill as unconstitutional and this will be a source of discussion.

The passage of the bill by the house was preceded by two weeks of debate, in which partisanship was conspicuously absent as a rule. Criticism of the bill was confined to minor details, while the measure as a whole met with almost universal commendation. The measure as framed by the ways and means committee was not amended materially.

The tax scheme of the revenue bill dips into the pocketbook of every man, woman and child in the country. It was framed, according to its authors, upon the principle of levying taxes upon those best able to bear them, with the result that the bulk of the \$8,000,000,000 will come from large incomes and war profits.

NAMES OCT. 12 LIBERTY DAY

President in Proclaiming Event Calls for Celebration to Stimulate Fourth Loan.

Washington, Sept. 23.—President Wilson on Friday proclaimed Saturday, October 12, the four hundred and twenty-sixth anniversary of the discovery of America, as Liberty day, and called upon all citizens to celebrate it and to stimulate a generous response to the fourth Liberty loan. Every town, city and countryside is asked by the president to arrange commemorative addresses, pageants, harvest home festivals or other demonstrations, and he directs that all federal employees whose services can be spared be given a holiday.

KAISER WOULD TALK PEACE

Berlin Announces Readiness of Germany to Participate in Exchange of Views.

Amsterdam, Sept. 23.—On official statement issued in Berlin says the German ambassador in Vienna presented Germany's reply to the recent Austro-Hungarian peace note. The German note announces the readiness of Germany to participate in the proposed exchange of ideas. Notwithstanding the apparent rejection of the Austro-Hungarian proposal for a conference of the belligerents to discuss the possibilities of peace, that government's offer is still open, says an official statement received from Vienna.

Launch 2,596,000 Tonnage.

Washington, Sept. 23.—Ship tonnage actually delivered to the Emergency Fleet corporation so far this year amounts to 1,811,000 tons, with 2,596,000 tons launched and keels laid for 4,103,000. General Manager Pitz of the fleet corporation, giving these figures to the senate commerce committee, said deliveries for the month of September probably will reach 400,000 tons.

Two Trainmen Killed.

Amsterdam, O., Sept. 24.—Fireman H. E. Long and brakeman H. I. Elliott of Bergholz, O., were killed and Engineer H. Winceford injured near here when an engine was derailed and rolled down a steep embankment.

12 Deaths at Flying Fields.

Washington, Sept. 24.—Twelve deaths from airplane accidents at army aviation fields throughout the country during the week ended September 14 are reported in a summary issued by the war department.

ON TO HIS GAME



BIG AMERICAN ARMY HALTS TAX ADDITION

4,800,000 IN U. S. FORCES BY NEXT JULY.

General March Tells House Committee of Enlarged Military Program—Opens Navy to Registrants.

Washington, Sept. 20.—An army of 4,800,000 by next July after all deductions have been made for casualties and rejections, is what the enlarged American military program calls for. General March explained this to the house appropriations committee in discussing the new seven-billion-dollar army estimates.

There are now about 3,200,000 men under arms, General March said, and the plan is to call 2,700,000 of the new draft registrants to the colors between now and July.

General March said that cash appropriations for the whole \$7,000,000,000 would be necessary as practically all of the additional money would be expended in the next year.

NEW ENVOY TO GREAT BRITAIN

John W. Davis of West Virginia to Succeed Walter Hines Page as Ambassador.

Washington, Sept. 20.—John W. Davis of West Virginia, solicitor general of the United States, has been selected by President Wilson to succeed Walter Hines Page as ambassador to Great Britain.

The announcement of Doctor Davis' selection disclosed that he had arrived safely in Switzerland, where he is to head the American delegation at the Bern conference between American and German missions on the treatment and exchange of prisoners.

ALLIES ROUT BULGAR ARMY

Capture 45 Towns and Advance Twenty Miles—Fleeing Foe Applies Torch to Villages.

London, Sept. 21.—The allied drive in Macedonia has spread into the attacking front is now 25 miles wide, according to latest word from the Macedonian theater. Forty-five villages have been taken. The Bulgarians are in flight and are burning stores and villages. The allied troops now have advanced more than 12 miles. The Bulgarians have been defeated completely and the Serbian troops are pursuing them day and night.

ROUMANIA MAY JOIN ENTENTE

Germany Is Alarmed at Reports That Ferdinand May Flip to the Allies.

Amsterdam, Sept. 21.—The North German Gazette, the German official organ, reports that there is serious agitation in Jassy and the unoccupied parts of Roumania, in which the queen is prime mover, to renew the association of Roumania with the entente. King Ferdinand, it is asserted, is holding aloof, but under certain circumstances might yield to the pressure.

Kansas Official Goes to Y. M. C. A. Hutchinson, Kan., Sept. 24.—William Y. Morgan, lieutenant governor of Kansas and publisher of the Hutchinson News, left here for France for duty in war work of the Young Men's Christian association.

Flyers Die in Indiana.

Indianapolis, Sept. 24.—Captain Hamilton of the British royal flying corps and C. Kinder of Greenfield, Ind., were killed when an airplane in which they were flying went into a nose dive and fell 400 feet.

M'ADOO SAYS LARGER BOND ISSUES WILL SUFFICE.

Declares Present Conditions Make It Unwise to Go Further Than Revenue Bill.

Washington, Sept. 21.—Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo announced on Thursday that the new demands of the war department for the big army soon to be placed in France will have to be met without adding any more taxes to the \$8,000,000,000 bill, which the house is now considering.

To meet the army demands, which amount to more than \$7,000,000,000 at least, \$2,000,000,000 will have to be raised by the sale of bonds. Much can be carried over till next year on time contracts.

In response to inquiries from various senators and representatives, the following formal statement was issued:

"Secretary McAdoo stated that it is not the intention of the treasury department to ask for more than \$8,000,000,000 of taxes for the current fiscal year. He expressed the belief that it was unwise to go further at the present time and that conditions that may develop in the future will determine the question of further increases of taxation."

RUSS SLAY YANKS, REPORT

Ruthless Persecution of Entente Subjects Ordered by People's Commissary at Volodga.

Amsterdam, Sept. 24.—The Russian people's commissary at Volodga, according to the Petrograd correspondent of the Hamburg Nachrichten, has urged upon the population of the entire Volodga province the most ruthless persecution of British subjects and French and American citizens. Rioting against entente nationals has taken place at various towns, the correspondent says, and some Frenchmen and Americans are being murdered.

LEADING U. S. ACE KILLED

Aviator Putnam Falls in Action in France—Credited With Nine Victories.

With the American Army in France, Sept. 20.—Aviator Putnam, the leading American ace, with nine aerial victories officially credited to him, has been killed. He has been buried in a field golden with buttercups on the Toul front, beside Lufbery, Blair and Thaw.

Great Lakes Quarantined.

Chicago, Sept. 21.—Commander Moffett of the Great Lakes naval training station issued orders that no more leaves would be granted the sailors until the influenza epidemic had passed. The order practically amounts to quarantine to 50,000. There are 1,500 victims of the disease at the station now. One death has been reported.

382 Die in Enemy Plant.

Amsterdam, Sept. 24.—Three hundred and eighty-two persons have been killed and many others injured in an explosion in an ammunition factory at Woellersdorf, according to the Vienna newspapers.

To Sell Tickets Together.

Washington, Sept. 24.—Plans for selling railroad and Pullman tickets in a single transaction at ticket offices have been completed and will be put into effect by November 1 at the latest.

BULGARS FLEE IN MACEDONIA

Entente Cavalry Only Three Miles From Frontier—Take 10,000 Prisoners.

2 TURK ARMIES WIPED OUT

British Forces Under Gen. Allenby Trap 40,000 Ottoman Troops in Palestine and Take 25,000 Captives.

Paris, Sept. 25.—French, Serbian, British, Italian and Greek armies all continued to advance against the Bulgars and Germans in Macedonia, according to dispatches received from the front on Monday night. The enemy has been forced to evacuate the whole line from Dolan to a point west of the Vardar river.

Entente allied cavalry was three miles from the Bulgarian frontier in the region of Strumitsa, according to latest reports. The Eleventh German division was reported to have been cut from the main Bulgarian army and to be retreating in disorder.

The First Bulgarian army in the region of Monastir and Prilep has been cut off from communication with the Second army, in the Dolan sector.

The Franco-Serbian troops are pursuing the Bulgarian army, which is in full retreat. The entente allies now command the mountain zone, from which they will be able to debouch in the plains. According to the dispatch, the Serbians have already captured between 5,000 and 10,000 prisoners and 320 guns.

The Italian troops in Macedonia have advanced an average of more than seven miles in pursuit of the Germans and Bulgarians and have taken 16 villages and numerous prisoners, according to a report from the Rome war office.

As the result of the heavy pressure of the entente allied forces, the enemy has evacuated the whole line from Dolan to a point west of the Vardar.

Serbian troops have cut the main railway line between Uskub and Saloniki, and are on the western bank of the Vardar river. Since September 15 the Serbians have advanced 40 miles.

London, Sept. 25.—Reports from the Palestine front indicate that none of the Turkish force of at least 40,000 men trapped by the British through the seizure of the last of the passages of the Jordan can possibly get away.

Virtually the entire Turkish force is or will be accounted for in killed, wounded and prisoners. Hundreds of stragglers are being found wandering about in the mountainous country aimlessly, without a leader or a purpose.

Twenty-five thousand Turkish prisoners and 260 guns had been counted up to Sunday evening by General Allenby's forces pushing northward through Palestine.

The war office announcement says that the Seventh and Eighth Turkish armies virtually have ceased to exist. The entire transport of these two armies was captured by the British.

Seizure by the British of the crossings of the Jordan at Jisr ed-Dumeir on Sunday morning shut the last avenue of escape to the Turks west of the Jordan.

VOTES U. S. "BONE DRY"

Senate National Prohibition Rider to \$12,000,000 Agricultural Bill Approved by House.

Washington, Sept. 25.—National prohibition, effective next July 1 for the period of the war, was approved on Monday by the house, which adopted, 134 to 27, the senate prohibition rider to the \$12,000,000 emergency agricultural appropriation bill.

The measure now will be sent to conference for adjustment of differences between the two houses on appropriation items.

After voting in the committee of the whole to accept an amendment permitting the importation of wine until next May 1, the house later reversed its decision and by a vote of 121 to 50 retained the original senate provision that importation of wine must cease when the measure becomes effective upon its signature by the president.

JAPS CAPTURE 2,000 HUNS

Austro-Germans Taken Prisoner at Kokka—Capital of Siberian Province of Amur Occupied.

London, Sept. 25.—Blagovest-chensk, capital of the Siberian province of Amur, and Alexievsk have been occupied by Japanese cavalry, according to information received by the Japanese embassy. Two thousand Austro-Germans were taken prisoner. They laid down their arms at Kokka.

One Killed in Border Fight.

Jerome, Ariz., Sept. 25.—City Marshal Joseph Crowley and Deputy United States Marshal Henry Carlson were severely wounded and one Mexican was killed in a one-hour battle between the officers and five Mexicans here.

Soldier Dies of Anthrax.

Camp Dodge, Ia., Sept. 25.—Private George Nuzum of Pisgah, Ind., died here from anthrax. The men in his squad have been quarantined and other means of preventing the spread of the disease have been taken.

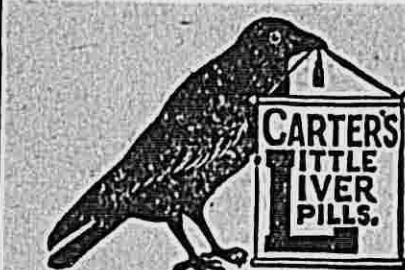
Why Dread Old Age

It doesn't matter how old you are if you keep well and active. Lots of you are younger at 70 than others are at 40. Lame, bent backs; stiff, aching joints; bad eyesight and deaf ears too often due to neglected kidneys and not to advancing years. Don't let weak kidneys age you. Doan's Kidney Pills. They made life more comfortable for thousands of elderly folks.

An Illinois Case

Mrs. J. R. Pittson, 302 Chestnut St., Monticello, Ill., says: "I had such a bad attack of kidney complaint. I had to give up entirely and for a week I was almost helpless. I had terrible pains in my back and was lame and sore all over. I had cold chills and flashes and my hands and fingers became cramped with rheumatic pains. When I had finished five boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills I was entirely free from the pain and other suffering."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.



For Constipation Carter's Little Liver Pills will set you right over night. Purely Vegetable. Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

Carter's Iron Pills

Will restore color to the faces of those who lack iron in the blood, as most pale-faced people do.

DIVISION OF PATENT RIGHTS COMPLETES SALE OF 100 acres central Wisconsin land. Heavy, dark soil, thoroughly drained, few trees improve. Price \$10 per acre, worth \$100. Will sell on favorable terms. For particulars, address: G. G. HUBBELL, 1830 City Hall Square, Chicago.

PATENTS

Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C. Advice and books free. Rates reasonable. Highest references. No success fee.

Colored Scavengers in Paris.

Paris streets have recently gained in picturesqueness by the employment of colored scavengers, says a writer in London Daily Chronicle. Ebony-hued Senegalese and copper-colored Arabs from Algeria and Morocco, whose terra cotta fezzes contrast so deliciously with the pale blue soldiers' uniform, clean, or affect to clean, metropolitan thoroughfares. In the boulevard there is a giant negro, who trails his broom behind him as majestically as if it were a peacock feather fan.

Catarhal Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Catarhal Deafness, and that is by a constitutional remedy. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. Catarhal Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result. Unless the inflammation can be removed, the hearing cannot be restored to its normal condition, hearing cannot be destroyed forever. Many cases of Deafness are caused by Catarrh, which is an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for any case of Catarrhal Deafness that cannot be cured by HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE. All Druggists Tel. Circulars free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Luxury. Bob—She looks good enough to eat. Jack—She is, but I cannot afford so expensive an edible.

WHY WOMEN DREAD OLD AGE

Don't worry about old age. Don't worry about being in other people's way when you are getting on in years. Keep your body in good condition and you can be as hale and hearty in your old days as you were when a kid, and every one will be glad to see you.

The kidneys and bladder are the causes of senile affections. Keep them clean and in proper working condition. Drive the poisonous wastes from the system and avoid uric acid accumulations. Take GOLD MEDAL Hamlet Oil Capsules periodically and you will find that the system will always be in perfect working order. Your spirits will be enlivened, your muscles made strong and your face have once more the look of youth and health.

New life, fresh strength and health will come as you continue this treatment. When your first vigor has been restored continue for awhile taking a capsule or two each day. They will keep you in condition and prevent a return of your troubles.

There is one guaranteed brand of Hamlet Oil Capsules, GOLD MEDAL. There are many fakes on the market. Be sure you get the Original GOLD MEDAL Imported Hamlet Oil Capsules. They are the only reliable. For sale by all first-class druggists.—Adv.

Our future is vitally linked with that of the allied nations.

United States has sent 1,000 locomotives to France.

Your Eyes

Granulated Eyelids. Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind. Quickly relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. No Smarting, just Eye Comfort. At Your Druggist or by mail 60c per Bottle. For Book of the Eye free write Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

HUNS EVACUATE CITY OF CAMBRAI AS ALLIES ADVANCE

French Capture Fort and Village of Vendeuil—Continue Drive on St. Quentin.

METZ IS BOMBARDED BY HEAVY U. S. ARTILLERY

Amies Have Captured 200,000 Since July 18—Yanks Take Ca. 100 During Raids in Lorraine Sect.—British Win Large Section of the Hindenburg Line—Violent Fighting Reported.

Paris, Sept. 24.—The French have recaptured the Oise, river south of St. Quentin, the war office announced. The fort and village of Vendeuil have been captured from the Germans.

The French continued to advance all along the front of attack. The woods north of La Fontaine, in the zone south of St. Quentin, were recaptured by the French.

The drive against the St. Quentin position from the south by the French being pressed tenaciously. Enemy raids north of the Vesle river and in the Vosges were repulsed.

Huns Evacuate Cambrai. Paris, Sept. 24.—Le Temps prints a report that the Germans are evacuating Cambrai. Civilians are being sent to the rear, the report adds.

Win on Hindenburg Line. London, Sept. 24.—British troops made another gain on a front of three-quarters of a mile on the northern end of the Hindenburg line in a new attack east of Gavrelle, the British war office announced. Sixty prisoners were captured.

British again advanced in front of the German strongholds, capturing a German strong point on the Ronsoy-Bony road. Eighty prisoners were captured there.

A group of German trenches and strong points were taken in a British thrust at Sucr, northwest of Vendeuil, northwest of St. Quentin, where a number of Germans were made prisoners.

Yanks Stop Foe's Raid. With the American Army on the Lorraine front, Sept. 24.—The German launched a heavy barrage south of Haumont, apparently to prepare the way for a raid on the American positions.

The American artillery countered, however, with a terrific barrage of its own and the Doches kept to their trenches without attacking.

American patrols are active northwest of Thiaucourt and Pont-a-Mousson, where they succeeded in capturing a few prisoners.

Haig Wins Moeuvres. London, Sept. 21.—British troops again lunged forward on the front northwest of St. Quentin on Thursday, advancing one mile and capturing the important town of Moeuvres, the war office announced.

In the Epehy sector part of the old British defensive system has been captured.

Violent fighting centered around Moeuvres and there was another struggle on the Lempre-Epehy line where Manisise farm was taken from the Germans.

A few prisoners were captured at Hilluch and elsewhere.

Yanks Win Two Raids. With the American Forces in Lorraine, Sept. 23.—American troops made two successful raids on the German lines northeast of St. Mihiel early Sunday morning, taking 20 prisoners in the region of Haumont and five prisoners southeast of Charey. Both raids were preceded by barrages.

Patrols from the region of Haumont reported that at least forty Germans were killed or injured. Other patrols from the Charey region estimated that the barrage killed at least a score of Germans.

The prisoners taken southeast of Charey were machine gunners, the Americans capturing two heavy machine guns. At Haumont the Germans were captured in dugouts, where they had taken refuge from the stiff American barrage.

Allies Capture 200,000. Washington, Sept. 23.—German prisoners taken by the Americans, French and English since July 18 number approximately 200,000, according to French advices. The cable quotes French war correspondents to the effect that the German prisoners have not far from 100,000 a month and that the German losses in killed and wounded have been heavier than has been generally reported.

Haig Takes 10,000 Huns. London, Sept. 20.—Field Marshal Haig says that the British captured more than 10,000 prisoners and more than sixty guns in their new drive

against the Hindenburg line between Cambrai and St. Quentin. A fierce battle raged all day with the British in possession of 11 miles of the Hindenburg line outposts. At some points fighting took place in the foremost defense positions of the famous German main line.

During the day the British made further progress north of Gauche wood. Fierce fighting raged in the region east of Epehy and Gouzencourt.

Over Twenty-Five Towns Retaken. More than 25 towns have been recaptured so far in the drive.

French Reach Vendeuil. Paris, Sept. 23.—The French enlarged their positions south of St. Quentin, east of Hinnencourt and La Fontaine. They reached the edge of Vendeuil, less than three miles north of La Fere. Three counter-attacks were broken north of Alenmant and the Aisne. To the east of Sancy (northwest of Vailly) the French won new ground and took prisoners.

These successes were announced by the war office.

British Win at Four Points. London, Sept. 23.—Field Marshal Haig's troops during the night smashed into the German lines at four distinct points on the battle front.

Near Gavrelle, north of the Scarpe, the British advanced on a two-mile front and east of Epehy the British captured several organized points of resistance, according to British official statement.

North of Epehy Haig's men pushed forward in the sector south of Villers-Guislain.

The British also repulsed a German attack on Moeuvres and then improved their positions there.

In the morning the Germans attacked the British positions northwest of La Bassee, in Flanders. Fighting still is in progress.

Haig Reports Successes. London, Sept. 19.—Field Marshal Haig on Wednesday hurled the Third and Fourth British armies against the Hindenburg line in the direction of St. Quentin. He recorded a gain of three miles on a 15-mile front and the capture of ten villages and 6,000 prisoners.

The outer defenses of the Hindenburg line were "captured over wide sectors," Field Marshal Haig reports, the British having swept over the old British trench system of March.

The enemy's positions were carried by assault, after a brief preliminary bombardment. The attack was made in a heavy rainstorm.

Templeux-Le-Guerard, Ronsoy, Epehy and Pezire have also been taken, the troops penetrating to a great depth along the line.

Big U. S. Guns Shell Metz. Washington, Sept. 21.—The forts of Metz, the German stronghold in Lorraine, are under the fire of American guns of nine-inch and larger caliber, members of the house military committee were told at their weekly conference with Acting Secretary Crowell and other war department officials.

Yanks Occupy Ammerzwiler. With the American Army on the Lorraine front, Sept. 21.—American troops have occupied Ammerzwiler, in Alsace. American patrols made the discovery that the Germans had withdrawn from the place and then the Americans occupied it.

Huns Plan New Retreat. With the American Army in Lorraine, Sept. 20.—Every day brings new evidence that the Germans, deprived of their last wedge menacing France—the one at St. Mihiel, wiped out last week by the Americans—and themselves threatened at the very gates of the fatherland, are planning a large scale retreat.

A Belgian prisoner forced to work on German defense positions escaped to our lines during the morning and brought highly interesting information.

He said he had been working on the Hindenburg line, but that behind that line the Germans had constructed and were now improving four other lines of resistance.

Moreover, he said, the Germans were now constructing a formidable line running through Belgium. He did not know its exact location.

American bombing planes heavily attacked Mars-la-Tour, one of the strongholds of the new Hindenburg line, encountering severe fighting.

Lieut. F. Luke, Phoenix, Ariz., set fire to two more German balloons, making a total of eleven in four days. He also attacked and brought down an enemy plane at dusk, capturing the pilot.

Three of the five American airplanes lost Wednesday were those belonging to a bombing formation which dropped two tons of explosives on German troops near Mars-la-Tour, south of Conflans.

The group was attacked by ten enemy machines. One German airplane dropped. Caught at a disadvantage, the Americans separated and three of the planes were brought down in flames.

Shells from German 77-caliber guns are reaching the American forward positions, while those from the 105s and the 150s are falling in the back areas.

ate military committee. It would set up a department with a head appointed by the president to have full control over aircraft production and operation by the army, navy and marine corps.

Troops Quell Food Riots. Amsterdam, Sept. 19.—Food riots broke out here in various parts of the city. Shops were pillaged. The police, infantry and cavalry detachments dispersed the mobs. Four persons were injured.

THEY ARE NOT ALWAYS FIGHTING



American soldiers in France not only enjoy their smokes, but cards as well. The game is probably "strip poker," as two of the men have already discarded their shirts. One has a large safety pin, ready for instant use in case of further losses, but then—note the horseshoe on his shoe.

TELLS OF WILD MOTOR RIDE OVER A SHELL-SWEPT ROAD

By CLARENCE B. KOLLAND.

Paris.—A man can be only so frightened. After that he dies suddenly, or laughs, or both. Also, no matter how scared you are, curiosity survives.

If a shell is coming, you want to see it land. If it is going to swat you, you want to see how it goes about it.

We were going back from the front—back. The battle was behind us. Privately each one of us didn't care how much farther behind us it got. It could pick up its belongings and move away from us as fast as we were moving away from it if it wanted. Nobody would hear a protest from any of us.

At a crossroads our meteoric progress was halted by a young and severe soldier with M. P. on his sleeve. "You can't pass," he said; "they're shelling the road ahead."

He didn't need to tell us. We knew it. As a matter of fact we could have told him things about that road being shelled that he would never know.

A shell came screaming over our heads to "wham" down alongside the road a hundred yards beyond. It wasn't a big shell. In a calmer moment, and at a greater distance, I might have admitted that it was a little shell, an insignificant shell, a negligible three-inch shell. But when it went over my head I was willing to take oath that it was a 42 centimeter.

When I was dug out of the ditch into which I had dived and the mud scraped out of my eyes I took a last look down the road.

Cap as Shock Absorber. Something was pains me in the region of the knees. Also there was a sound resembling that made by Brother Bones in the minstrel show. Minute examination demonstrated that the pain was caused by the knees assaulting each other venomously. I stuck my cap between them as a shock absorber and looked again.

It was a busy little road. It was not a popular road. Everybody on it had taken a dislike to it and was moving away with enthusiasm. In the distance were three German prisoners and one American private. The private was on a horse. It looked a very fast horse, but the Germans were having trouble with it. It kept getting in their way. They stumbled over it.

"Wham" came another shell. It's explosion was almost drowned out by the sounds of concussion at my side. They were caused by the beating together of the knees of the driver of the Y. M. C. A. car and by those of a buck private. Their note was different, and the meter dissimilar, but the air was much the same. I could not quite make out which accomplished the most knocks to the minute, nor which was loudest.

Several ration carts were approaching. It was no slow, dignified, matronly progress. Anybody who believes a team of mules is incapable of speed should have been there to see. The ration carts were filled with hard tack. The hard tack was as scared as anything else, and was trying to keep up to the cart—but it was out of luck.

It had no arms to hang on with. The air was full of hard tack. It flowed out behind those ration carts like a ribbon. It was a snowstorm of hard tack, and nobody paused to ask where it fell.

Ditches Are Popular. Every ditch was unbelievably popular. It didn't have to be a deep ditch nor a clean ditch. Any common or garden variety of ditch would do. A six-foot man was perfectly able to conceal himself in a six-inch ditch. Heads would poke up, and another shell would land. Immediately it would become a scene of desolation, a lifeless waste.

After awhile an airplane went overhead to locate the battery that was causing all the rumpus. Then the battery stopped.

"Go ahead," said the M. P. "They're through now."

He is the last M. P. I shall ever believe. This is positive. He meant well, and spoke the truth according to his lights, but his lights were dim. We

started, and we continued. We continued so rapidly that the scenery looked like a green fog, for Fritz was not through.

A shell landed alongside the road and a telephone wire dropped across our faces. If it had been a range of mountains it wouldn't have stopped us. People who saw us pass will never know what we were. It will remain a mystery to them to their dying days. We were a pale streak, a very pale streak.

We were not traveling for pleasure, we were on business. Our immediate business was to go away from there, and our next immediate business was to fill the flapper with cigarettes and chocolate from the Y. M. C. A. warehouse and get it back to the boys back there. It was several kilometers to the warehouse, but we did it in ten flat by the watch, arriving in a state of profound calm. We were not ruffled. Nobody would have known we were excited except for a few minor matters. Of course we were knocking splinters off our teeth with the chattering we felt it our duty to do; we were a trifle pale, say as pale as fresh snow. Aside from this with our hearts beating so they sounded like a dilapidated camion engine, with our hair standing out like spines on an angry porcupine, our appearance and bearing were normal.

"Going Back?" "Sure." With nonchalance we filled our tonneau with supplies.

"Going back?" somebody asked. The driver looked at me and I looked at the driver.

"Back?" said he. "Oh, he means back," I said easily. "You understand back. That way."

"They're shelling the road," said the manager of the warehouse.

"Indeed," said I. "Shelling? Why, we hadn't noticed it. Regular shells? We just come down the road. It was peaceful—peaceful as a cow pasture."

"So you're going right back, eh?" "Sure," said the driver, standing with his legs far apart so his knees couldn't hit.

"Of course," said I, hanging onto the smaller battleplanes and answered to all requirements. Other machines of the same type are in process of manufacture and will be turned out in a steady stream from now on.

MRS. WILLIAM J. SMYTHE

NEW BATTLEPLANE IS SPEEDSTER

Machine Being Built at Cleveland Shows Up Well in the Tests.

Cleveland, O.—A new type of battleplane is now being turned out here at the new plant of the Glenn L. Martin company, and the first of the planes, now being put through its acceptance tests, has shown exceptional maneuvering ability for its size, as well as speed in climbing and straightaway flying.

The new Martin plane is much larger than the battleplanes now in use by the allies in Europe. It has a wing spread of 75 feet and is powered with two 400-horsepower motors. In addition to regular equipment it has a carrying capacity of 2,400 pounds, and is said to be so constructed that there is no "blind" spot, or line of approach which its guns do not cover.

The machine, equipped with machine guns, showed on first test flights that it could be handled as

COOK GETS FORTUNE BUT STILL ON DUTY

Camp Sevier, Greenville, S. C.—H. H. Miles, cook at the patients' kitchen base hospital here, received notification recently that a distant relative died and left him \$150,000. Miles is still cook at the hospital and does not wish to change his career even if he could. Miles' home is at Tabor, N. C. He has spent several years in the army and navy.

NEAR BODY OF BROTHER WERE 7 DEAD HUNS

New Brighton, Pa.—"Today we were up on the battlefield to bury our boys and we found Verner among the dead. Now, dad, do not worry too much. He died game. He still held his rifle in his hands and there were seven dead Huns in front of him." This was in a letter received by John McFarland from his son, telling him of the death of another son on the Marne battlefield.

the seams of my pants for the same reason.

"Get in," said he. I never saw a car so difficult to mount, so high to climb, but I got there. The driver cranked it and we started away with gay, nonchalant waves of the hand.

We had to climb a hill. I suggested that maybe the engine needed a little tinkering before we tried it, but the driver thought not. I could have found troubles in that engine that would have held us there a week. But we went on.

All of a sudden the air filled up with the holler of a shell. It busted vehemently, but I didn't see it. I was where I couldn't see, with my head down among the control levers. A few pieces of roof and debris settled on my back, but I was not annoyed. The more that settled there the better I would be protected.

"Shall we go on?" the driver asked. "I'm just a passenger," said I with steady courage. "I can't jump out while you are moving—at this rate, anyhow."

Knew It Was a Roof. Another shell landed, this time on the roof at our very elbow so to speak. I didn't have time to join the levers again, so I saw it. It landed on a roof, because I saw the roof just before it landed. I will never see that roof again. Our acquaintance was brief. As I looked the roof moved away from there hastily. It sought divers destinations, many of which were in, at or around us. Tiles and plaster and dust filled the air.

"Mister," said I, "step on her. She's standing still."

"We're doing sixty an hour if we're doing an inch," he said.

It was not true. I can prove it. It took us 12 minutes, actual count, to pass a tree. Afterwards the driver told me it wasn't a tree, but a woods several kilometers long, but he was mistaken. I know a single tree when I see it, and I counted that tree again and again.

"I hope," I said, "that the soldiers get this tobacco. I hope they get it soon. Let's see, they're in dugouts, aren't they? You don't need to bother about taking it to them. I'll do that. I haven't chatted with these boys for quite a while, and much as I dislike the closeness of a dugout I think I can sacrifice myself today and stay down with them a little while. By the way, it's a dugout with a thick roof, isn't it?"

"Mister," said he gravely, "the man that gets into that dugout first is the fastest runner in the A. E. F.-Y. M. C. A."

Which was true. I am the champion sprinter.

Chooses Army to Trial. St. Louis.—Judge Bass, in the court of criminal correction here, gave Joseph Luzynski, twenty-three, the choice of enlisting in the United States tank service or facing trial on the charge of burglary in the second degree. Luzynski decided to enlist.

Nothing Like It. "Did you mean, sir, to impugn my veracity?" "Oh, no; I meant only to say you were a liar."

Of a thousand persons, only one reaches the age of one hundred years.

A Feeling of Confidence

always goes with health, and health making is the big reason for

Grape-Nuts

A delicious food, rich in the vital phosphates. No Waste. You eat and enjoy it to the last atom. Health making, nourishing, economical.

Try it. "There's a Reason."

Mrs. William J. Smythe, a New York society woman, as a member of the American Defense society has obtained 5,000 signatures on a petition to congress urging the suspension of all German-language newspapers in this country.

IN MISERY FOR YEARS

Mrs. Courtney Tells How She Was Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Oskaloosa, Iowa.—"For years I was simply in misery from a weakness and awful pains—and nothing seemed to do me any good. A friend advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I did so and got relief right away. I can certainly recommend this valuable medicine to other women who suffer, for it has done such good work for me and I know it will help others if they will give it a fair trial."

—Mrs. LIZZIE COURTNEY, 108 8th Ave., West, Oskaloosa, Iowa.

Why will women drag along from day to day, year in and year out, suffering such misery as did Mrs. Courtney, when such letters as this are continually being published. Every woman who suffers from displacements, irregularities, inflammation, ulceration, backache, nervousness, or who is passing through the Change of Life should give this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a trial. For special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of its long experience is at your service.

Clothing Prices in Belgium. It is becoming more and more difficult to obtain clothing in Belgium, according to the Belgian Bulletin, which says that persons who have been thrown out of work may secure on easy terms, once a year, from the charity clothing club a dress or an overcoat.

A Belgian interned in Holland, obtained permission to wear civilian dress. His wife, who had remained at Verviers, joined him, and he wrote recently:

"My wife has come with my personal effects. However, before she left, a number of persons came to her and offered her for my Sunday suit and overcoat 500 francs (\$100); for a pair of velvet trousers, which cost 7 francs (\$1.40) before the war, 40 francs (\$8); for my shoes 250 francs (\$50), etc.

Stout Lady Considerate. Mrs. Brown is very stout, but she is also most considerate of other people.

The other day she went into a large hotel to call on a friend. The clerk sent her to the lift. There a small boy opened the door for her.

"Are you going up, ma'am?" he inquired, glancing at her ample proportions.

"Yes, I am, my boy," she answered with a kindly smile. "But goodness me, a little fellow like you can't pull me up in that thing!"

No, Dear. "I have observed," said the near-cynic, as he paid 15 cents for a nickel slab of watermelon, "that a fellow is never too hard up to pay a dollar down."

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RURAL NEWS

LAKE VILLAGE

Mrs. Wm. Walker Jr., is quite ill this week.

Mrs. Albert Drecoll was a Waukegan shopper Thursday.

Wm. Walker, Sr. transacted business in Chicago Friday.

Mrs. Ola Barnstable spent Sunday in Chicago with relatives.

J. J. Barnstable transacted business in Waukegan Tuesday.

J. K. Dering is having a large root cellar put in on Cedar Crest farm.

E. L. Shepardson, with John and Kenneth spent Sunday in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Kapple of Waukegan called on friends here Friday.

Our principal, Miss Oefstedal, spent the week-end at her home in Chicago.

Arthur Johnson spent a few days the past week with his mother in Chicago.

Fred Hamlin and men went to Great Lakes Tuesday to begin on a contract there.

Mrs. L. Cribb and Mrs. A. B. Johnson of Antioch were pleasant callers last Friday.

James Leonard and Harold Daniels were home from Lake Forest academy over Sunday.

Miss Mary Kerr spent a few days the first of the week with her sister, Mrs. Spring at Millburn.

Herman Meyer has completed an addition to the cottage of Mrs. Drecoll and they will soon move for the winter.

Mrs. Forbes has closed her home for the winter at Fox Lake and returned to her home in Oak Park for the winter.

The meetings at the M. E. church will end this week Friday evening. Rev. Mr. English of Zion City M. E. church preached every evening and services close promptly at 9, beginning at 7:45.

In a letter received by the Leonard family from their son John in France, he tells of meeting Walter Daniels and great was the joy of the boys at meeting in a strange country after a long parting.

The Red Cross auxiliary held an all day meeting Thursday to finish our quota of 150 comfort kits, which were sent us to do. All present last Thursday enjoyed Mrs. Thayer's cake, Mrs. Rowling's coffee and Mrs. Cable's cream which was a rare treat for a Red Cross meeting.

And He Was Annoyed!

The Proprietor: "What made that customer walk out without buying anything? You didn't offend him, I suppose?" Shopman: "I don't think I did, sir. He asked me to show him a hat to suit his head and I showed him some of our soft felts."—Pearson's Weekly.

Begin Today.

Each one must work out his own salvation in conquering the habit of idle thought, and today is a good time to start the work.—Agnes Greene Fisher.

"America must be punished"

Such was the decree of Kaiser Wilhelm, furious because the allies were obtaining food and munitions of war from the United States.

Dr. Arthur N. Davis, the young American who was dentist to the German emperor from 1904 till 1918, tells of the ruler's determination to wreak vengeance upon the United States in his remarkable narrative

The Kaiser as I Knew Him for 14 Years

This story reveals the inner workings of the kaiser's mind. It shows once more why the world is at war. It will appear as a serial in this paper. Don't miss it.

Coming Soon

TREVOR

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Curtis autoed to Kenosha Friday.

Miss Eliza Fleming was a guest of Kenosha relatives last week.

Mr. Meyers and family are entertaining relatives from Chicago.

Miss Helen Brown spent last week with an aunt and cousins in Winnetka.

Miss Margaret Mathews commenced school at the Wilmot high school Monday.

Hiram Patrick of Burlington spent last week with his sisters and brother here.

Born, on Sept. 16, 1918, a baby girl to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kavanaugh of Sandwich, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Letzler auto to Chicago one day last week to visit their sons and a daughter.

Miss Birdella Drom of Chicago spent the week-end with her cousins, the Patrick family.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Patrick and son Byron and Mr. Evans autoed to Kenosha Wednesday.

Mrs. Westlake of Camp Lake had the misfortune Saturday to fall while picking pears, breaking her wrist.

Among those who attended the Elkhorn fair last week were Wm. Evans and daughter Lucile, Anna and Lulu Wedelle and Mike Hymen.

The Red Cross of Trevor received a card from John Mutz on Wednesday, saying he was on his way to Gettysburg being transferred from Chicago.

Mrs. Joseph Smith left Sunday evening for Davenport, Iowa, to attend a convention of the Mystic Workers, which was held Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Dixon, Mrs. Chas. Barber and daughter Ruth of Silverlake visited at Henry Lubeno's Friday. Mr. Dixon has been notified to appear for service October 15.

MILLBURN

Mrs. E. A. Martin is visiting in Chicago this week.

Mortie Cannon of Kenosha arrived in Millburn Monday.

Miss Pearl Cleveland of Chicago is visiting home folks.

The Ladies Aid society met with Mrs. D. M. White Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Denman entertained company from Chicago the past week.

Mrs. Geo. White returned home on Sunday having spent two weeks with home folks.

John Fulton and family of Waukegan are occupying the Pollock house. They were burnt out Sunday.

Warren Hook and several of the family, E. N. Cannon and Fred Spring are sick with the Spanish grip.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Martin and son Richard spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Achen at Kenosha.

STATE OF ILLINOIS

In the County Court of Lake County.

In the matter of the Estate of Eliza Sophia Wilton, Deceased.

To, Clarence Edwin Wilton, Charles C. Wilton, Frank H. Wilton, Cora A. Gerred, Blanche E. Kiefer, Addie E. Wilton, Dorothy Margaret Wilton, Edna J. Holtz, Wilbur Edwin Hunter, Earl James Hunter, Elmer Lee Hunter, Oliver Eugene Hunter, and The State Bank of Antioch, legatees, devisees, heirs at law and next of kin of Eliza Sophia Wilton deceased.

Take Notice, that the undersigned, executrix of the last Will and Testament of Eliza Sophia Wilton deceased, on the 28th day of October A. D. 1918, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day or as soon thereafter as the business of the court will permit, in the room usually occupied by the County Court in the Court House in the City of Waukegan, County of Lake and State of Illinois, will present to said court her final account and final report as such executrix, and apply to the court that the same may be approved and confirmed.

At which time and place you and each of you may be present if you see fit so to do.

Dated this 18th day of September A. D. 1918.

Maryette E. Wilton, Executrix of the last will and testament of Eliza Sophia Wilton, deceased.

E. M. Runyard, attorney.

Should Think He Was.

The temperance advocate who declared that "drunkenness is folly," and found himself reported in the papers as having said "drunkenness is folly," must have been annoyed.

WILMOT

Miss Healy spent the week-end at her home in Waterford.

Mrs. W. Bufton is entertaining Mrs. Rowley of Chicago.

Geo. Winchell was in Milwaukee on business Thursday.

J. Owen and wife attended the Elkhorn fair Thursday.

Mrs. Henneman spent Sunday with her sister at Trevor.

Fred Gauger and wife motored to the Elkhorn fair Wednesday.

Arthur Holdorf was in Milwaukee on business Wednesday.

Dr. Darby made a business trip to Kenosha the first of the week.

Fred Volbrecht and family were guests at the H. Gauger home last Friday.

Misses Edith Dean and Mary Madden were home from Kenosha for over Sunday.

Mrs. L. Hegeman spent several days this week with Mrs. W. Winn at Richmond.

Mrs. R. C. Shottliff entertained Mrs. Meade, Mr. Kennedy and his niece on Thursday.

A number from here attended the funeral of Fred Brown on Tuesday afternoon.

A blue star has been added to the Lutheran service flag for Geo. Roepke of Bassetts.

Mrs. Martin McGuire spent Wednesday with Mrs. Katherine Runyard at Channah.

Mrs. J. Carey entertained Mr. and Mrs. McHugh of Milwaukee Monday night.

Mrs. A. G. Pacey entertained her children and their families at a family reunion Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Peterson and daughter of Kenosha spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. A. Reynolds.

Louis Anderson of Crystal Lake and Lou Cole were here on business the latter part of last week.

Mrs. H. C. Darby entertained a number of Wilmot and Silverlake friends at a farewell dinner Wednesday.

Mrs. Phronie Nett and children spent the past week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lentz at Bassetts.

Mrs. Judy has returned to her home in Southern Illinois after spending the summer with her niece Mrs. Krackman.

Miss Bertha Pella returned to her home the first of the week following an operation for appendicitis at the Elgin hospital.

Mrs. O. Hook and Mrs. W. Harrison and son of Grayslake were guests at the Darby home the latter part of the week.

Floyd Hanneman left for Whitewater Saturday, where he has enrolled at the Whitewater normal for the coming school year.

Mrs. G. Faulkner entertained Miss Ethel Robertson of Twin Lakes, Miss S. Reynolds and Mr. Reynolds Sunday at dinner.

Mrs. J. F. Thompson has moved her household good from Richmond to her home here and has again taken up her residence in Wilmot. Miss M. Faber will make her home with her this winter.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Nett left on Monday morning for Shennington, Wis., for a week's visit. On their return Mr. and Mrs. R. Shenning and family will accompany them to make their home in Wilmot.

A general invitation is extended to those who wish to sing to join the choir that is being organized at the M. E. church. For further information call Mrs. E. Wright, Mrs. C. Loftus or Mrs. R. C. Shottliff.

At the monthly business meeting of the Wilmot Red Cross Branch Mrs. J. Carey resigned as secretary and Grace Carey was elected to fill the vacancy.

A box containing 3 sweaters, 6 pair socks and 53 undershirts was sent to Headquarters Chapter in Kenosha on Friday.

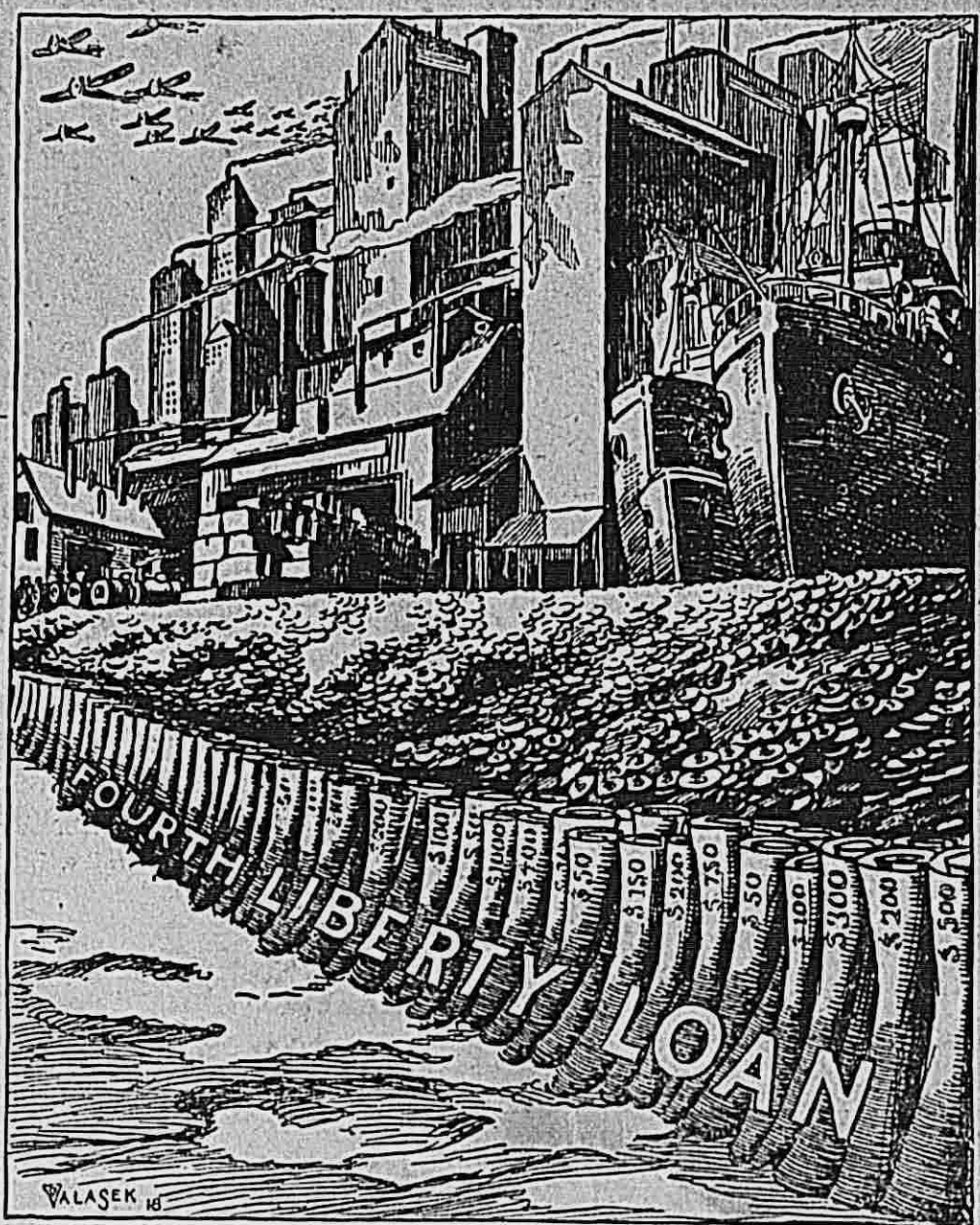
Mrs. R. Westlake fell and broke both bones in her left arm Saturday. She had been assisting her son Floyd pick pears and was standing on a wagon. Deciding to change her position she started to get out of the wagon and stepped over on the wheel. Unfortunately it turned, throwing her to the ground, breaking her arm.

Mrs. T. Fuson left Monday morning for Kansas City, where she will spend two weeks drilling with the Plymouth Choir Singers of the Redpath Co., for which she will be manager during the absence of Mr. Fuson. The company will open Oct. 7, at Abilene, Penn., and the tour is so arranged that she expects to spend the Xmas holidays in Wilmot with her parents. With the possibility, if he is not sent to France before then of Mr. Fuson joining her here at that time.

Daily Thought.

There is no virtue so truly great and Godlike as justice.—Addison.

HERE ARE THE BREASTWORKS THEY CAN'T CLIMB OVER



WOMAN GREAT HELP IN LIBERTY LOAN WORK

Has Become Integral Part in Sharing Obligation of Financing the War.

By MISS GRACE DIXON, Federal Reserve Director for Women in Seventh District.

One of the great truths we have learned in this war is the need of men and women working together understandingly and sympathetically—animated by the same spirit of helpfulness, of fearlessness, of enthusiasm, facing definitely one goal with equal honor, equal power. For men and women working together with unanimity of purpose make the ideal service for the nation.

Taking Lincoln's great words "We all need to work together to the end" that loyalty of the people by the people shall not perish from the earth.

To write of the activities of the women's work in the Seventh district is a pleasure, as we have become such an integral part in sharing the obligation of financing the war. That the work of the women and men might be more effectively co-ordinated in the district, the director for women has been made a member of the campaign committee as well as of the executive committee of the federal reserve banking committee. The state chairmen, county chairmen and city chairmen have been made members of the executive committees of the men's organization in their respective states, counties and cities.

The definite activities for women shall be:

1. All women's organizations that are listed strictly under women, such as clubs, fraternal societies, lodges, leagues, guilds, etc.

2. All elementary and high schools, private and parochial schools.

3. All booths, such as street, hotel, restaurant and cafeteria, department store and theater booths.

4. Women shall co-operate with the men's committee in churches, universities, ward organizations and any other committees where they can be of service.

It was also recommended that no separate reports of the amount of subscriptions taken be given by women, but that on account of the volunteer subscription and allotment plans, credit be given equally to both men and women. It is advisable for women county chairmen to have a distinct and complete understanding with the county chairmen of the men's organization of this fact, so that no misunderstanding will arise on this subject during the campaign.

Where regular campaigns for collecting subscriptions are made by both men and women, a separate record must, of course, be kept and reported.

Dr. Anna Shaw's admonition to the women of America "That every woman should tie her child to the United States government by a little bond" is the slogan that is the inspiration of our workers. Through our various churches, schools, clubs, we hope to reach every home in this country—for we realize that if we can touch and kindle the patriotic ardor of women and bring women of diversified experiences and standards of living to a realization of their responsibilities, that upon the people who remain at home rests the obligation of financing this war, then indeed are we fulfilling our mission as we should.

THE WILL TO WIN.

The casualty lists are hitting the rural communities as well as the cities and bringing home the war in earnest. Every casualty list should increase the will to win, and strengthen the determination to win regardless of cost. The men are giving their lives on the fighting front, and the folks at home cannot do less than exert every effort to increase the production of food crops and to expend every dollar possible in buying Liberty bonds.

WE'RE ON THE TEAM; WE'RE IN THE GAME; WE'RE OUT TO WIN

By A. ALONZO STAGG, Famous Athletic Coach University of Chicago.

I said to a friend recently that I had not felt so poor in 34 years, or since I was a freshman at Yale working my way through. "Well, don't you think we ought all of us to feel poor these days?" was the reply. "That is just the point. We ought. If we don't feel on the strain most of the time these days I doubt whether we are doing our full duty in helping win the war."

My observation is that we never accomplish much in this life without being dead in earnest, without hard work and without self-sacrifice, and I can't figure out how we can win this war without all of us co-operating most generously along these lines. First of all, unless we feel dead in earnest about our winning the war there is something wrong with us and it is better that a mill stone were hung about our neck and we were drowned in the depth of the sea.

No one will work hard and make personal sacrifices unless his heart is in the enterprise. The beautiful part of this affair is that we can all be in it—we are all on the big team with a chance to play the game to our limit. At present we must play the particular position which is assigned to us, and play it for all that is in us whether we like our job or not.

The main thing and the loyal and the patriotic thing is that we give to our utmost of time and energy and money. "Putting the fourth Liberty Loan across means that each one of us must give that uttermost of time and energy and money."

We're on the team, we're in the game, we're out to win. Now let's get down under it and root and lift and hoist until we cross the goal line.

THE FARM AND THE WAR

By L. H. Bailey (On Former President Roosevelt's Rural Life Commission.)

The response of the farming people to the Third Liberty Loan was gratifying. It was what we expected, as soon as the question was put before the farmers directly. I hope that the Fourth Liberty Loan will be taken still more freely by the rural people.

No great war can be won in these days without the active co-operation of all the people. We contribute by giving ourselves, our business, upholding the hands of the government, and loaning the government our money. This money has been accumulated because we have prospered, and because our government has protected us. The investment is the best, and the spirit that takes Liberty Bonds is the same spirit that makes good crops. The farmers' crops have saved us.

We cannot think of losing this war. We cannot run the risk of an agriculture controlled by a headstrong, unmoral state, such as would be imposed on us if Prussia were to succeed. Agriculture lies at the foundation of our system of democracy; its opinion must count in our public policies; this means that farmers must take such an active part in the maintenance of the war that they will have a right to be heard. They have taken this part thus far, and I know that they will be steadfast to the end.

One Cent Invested in Electricity from Our Mains Will Buy—Well Just Listen:

It will operate a 16-candle power carbon lamp for two hours, or a 20 candle power Tungsten lamp for four hours. It will run a Sewing Machine Motor an hour, or a Vacuum Cleaner 45 minutes.

It will operate a Washing Machine 30 minutes, or an Automobile tire pump 30 minutes. It will keep a 6-pound Electric Iron hot 20 minutes or make four cups of coffee on Electric Percolator.

It's enough to boil a quart of water or heat baby's milk twice, or keep a Heating Pad hot two hours, or cook a whole rabbit in an Electric Chafing Dish, or heat an electric Curling Iron 15 minutes a day for two weeks, or toast 20 slices of bread on an Electric Toaster.

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FRANK HUBER, Sec'y. P. O. HAWKINS, W. M.

The Eastern Star meets second and fourth Thursdays of each month.

JULIA HUSENVELDT, W. M.

IDA OSBORN, Sec'y

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J. E. BROOK, Banker

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Associate teacher of Chas. K. Lindsay

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